

Dan'l Boone

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AUTHORITY

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Dan'l Boone

NO BLACKER NIGHT HAD EVER CLAMPED DOWN ON THE WILDERNESS THAN WHEN THE SETTLERS SAW **DAN'L BOONE** SIDING WITH THE SHAWNEES AGAINST HIS OWN PEOPLE! EVEN THOSE WHO HAD STOOD UP FOR DAN'L WERE CONVINCED AT LAST! THIS WAS A

SELL-OUT!



THE THREE SHAWNEE WARRIORS CREPT STEALTHILY FORWARD! THEY STAYED WIDE-SPACED, FOR THEY KNEW WHAT THEIR QUARRY COULD DO WITH A SINGLE SHOT IF THEY EVER BUNCHED UP...



DAN'L BOONE HAD NO PLACE TO TURN! THE CLIFF WALL WAS AT HIS BACK—AND TO RUN TO EITHER SIDE WOULD HAVE MEANT CROSSING OPEN GROUND WHERE A WHIZZING ARROW WOULD SURELY BRING HIM DOWN!

THERE'LL ONLY BE TIME TO SQUEEZE OFF ONE SHOT... BEFORE THEY CLOSE IN!



BUT THE GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF THEM ALL WASN'T READY TO GIVE UP! THOSE EAGLE EYES OF HIS KEPT SCANNING THE TERRAIN—

IF THEY'RE TO STAY IN THE TALL GRASS, THEY'LL HAVE TO COME CLOSER TOGETHER TO PASS UNDER THAT TREE...!



THE SHAWNEES SAW HIM TAKING AIM! THEY SAW TICK-LICKER'S BARREL POINTING SKYWARDS! THEY DIDN'T KNOW **WHAT HE WAS AIMING AT, BUT THEY BEGAN TO WAR-WHOOP, HOPING TO UNNERVE HIM—**

KI-YI-YI!



BUT BOONE'S HANDS HELD TICK-LICKER WITH THE IRON STEADINESS OF A BORN MARKSMAN! ONE LONG SQUINT, AND HE HAD LINED UP SIGHT AND TARGET—



AND THEN...

HIT IT!... PLUNKED THAT STORM-DAMAGED BIG BRANCH RIGHT WHERE IT WAS HANGING BY A SHRED!



LOOKS LIKE THOSE SHAWNEES ARE IN NO SHAPE TO KEEP ME FROM TRAIPSIN' ALONG NOW!



THEN, IN FLUENT SHAWNEE—

SENT BY YOUR CHIEF WHO WANTS ME BACK IN THE TRIBE AS HIS ADOPTED SON! WELL, TELL **BLACKFISH THAT BOONE'S STAYING ON WITH HIS OWN PEOPLE!**

I KNOW YOU WERE



LATER, AT THE SETTLEMENT—

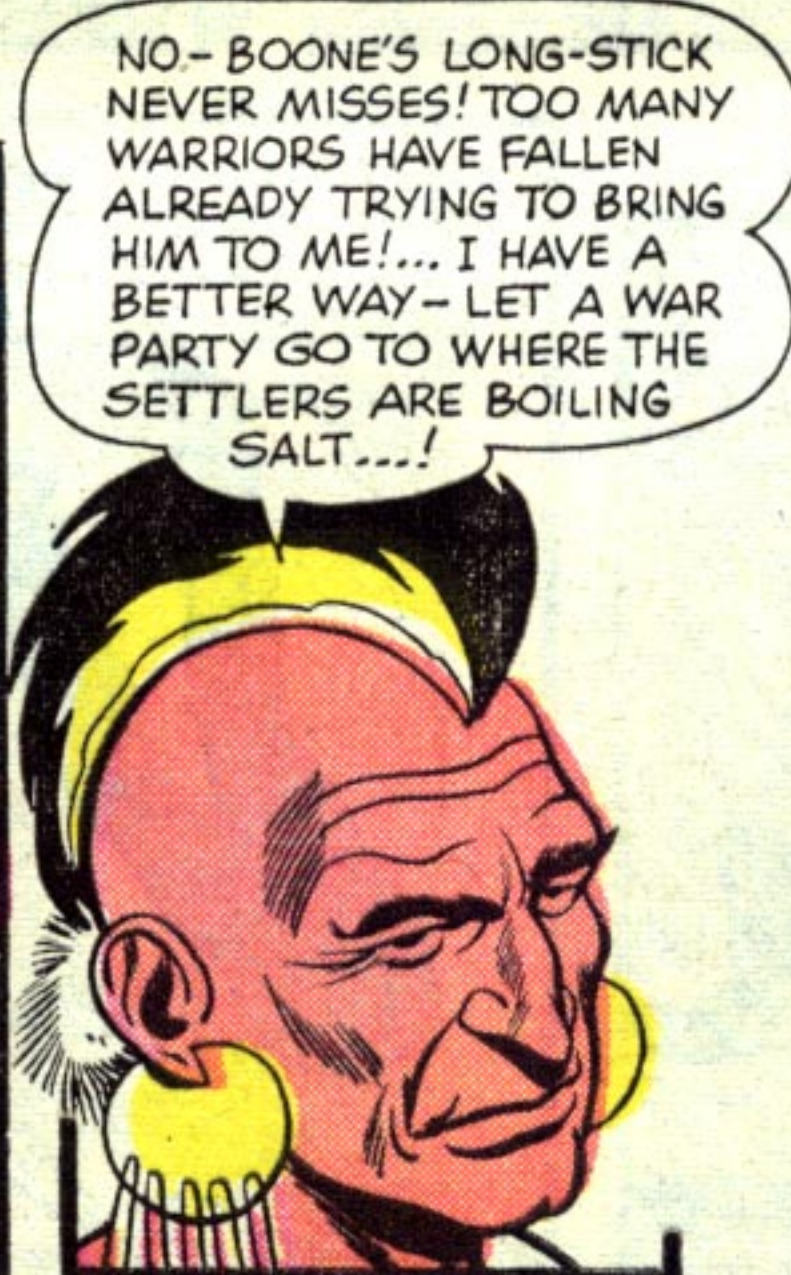
DAN'L BOONE HAS COME BACK!

IF ANYBODY CAN HELP US... BOONE CAN!





WHEN THE SHAWNEE SCOUT REPORTED TO BLACKFISH—



THE SETTLERS WERE BRAVE MEN AND GOOD FIGHTERS - BUT THEY HAD BEEN CAUGHT NAPPING!



AND SOON-

DON'T LOSE HEART! BOONE'S STILL AT LARGE... HE'LL FIND A WAY TO FREE US!



BUT THEN- LOOK!... HERE COMES BOONE NOW-- RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN!



HE'S NOT EVEN GLANCIN' OUR WAY!

LISTEN TO HIM JABBERIN' SHAWNEE-TALK-- LIKE HE WAS BORN TO THE TONGUE!



THEY HAD KNOWN **DAN'L BOONE** TOO LONG TO START THINKING EVIL OF HIM **YET!** BUT ON THE TREK BACK TO THE SHAWNEE ENCAMPMENT--

HE'S YOUNGER THAN MOST OF US-- AND LOOK HOW HE RIDES AT HIS EASE... WHILE WE HAVE TO STAGGER ALONG!



THEN, AT THE ENCAMPMENT--

MY SON--YOU HAVE COME BACK!

THIS IS MORE THAN A BODY CAN STAND! I'LL--!



NEXT TIME YE SNEAK UP ON ME FROM BEHIND-- MAKE SURE YE DON'T STEP ON A TWIG!

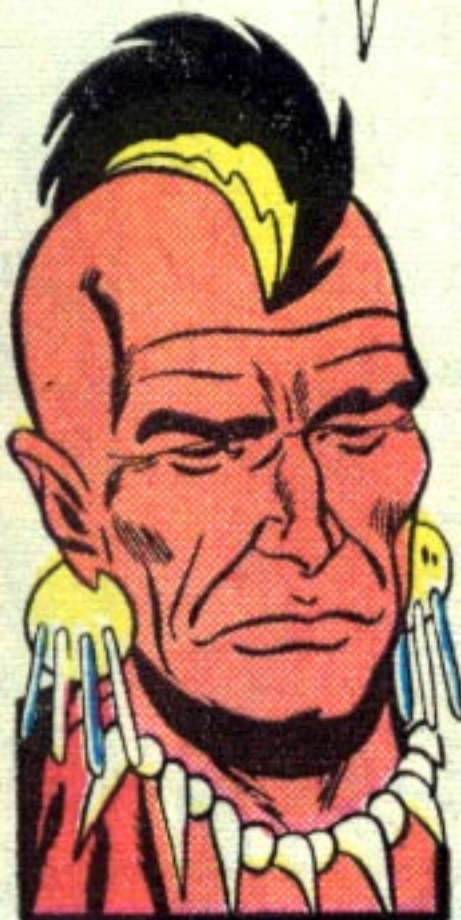




THEY HAD LEARNED ENOUGH SHAWNEE THE PAST FEW MONTHS TO MAKE CLEAR THEIR DEMANDS TO BLACKFISH -

I HAVE YOUR WORD YOU WILL RELEASE HIM UNHARMED...?

YOUR SON'S OUR CAPTIVE! IF YOU WANT HIM TO LIVE... WE'LL TRADE YOU - HIS LIFE FOR OUR FREEDOM!



I SLUMPED FORWARD ON PURPOSE WHILE THEY WERE BINDING ME - THE THINGS ARE LOOSE!



WATCH OUT - BOONE'S FREED HIMSELF!



HEY?!

YE'RE A DEMON, BOONE - TURNIN' AGAINST YOUR OWN PEOPLE AGAIN AND AGAIN AS YE'VE DONE!



YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY SON! FROM NOW ON THE CAPTIVES WILL BE MORE HEAVILY GUARDED!



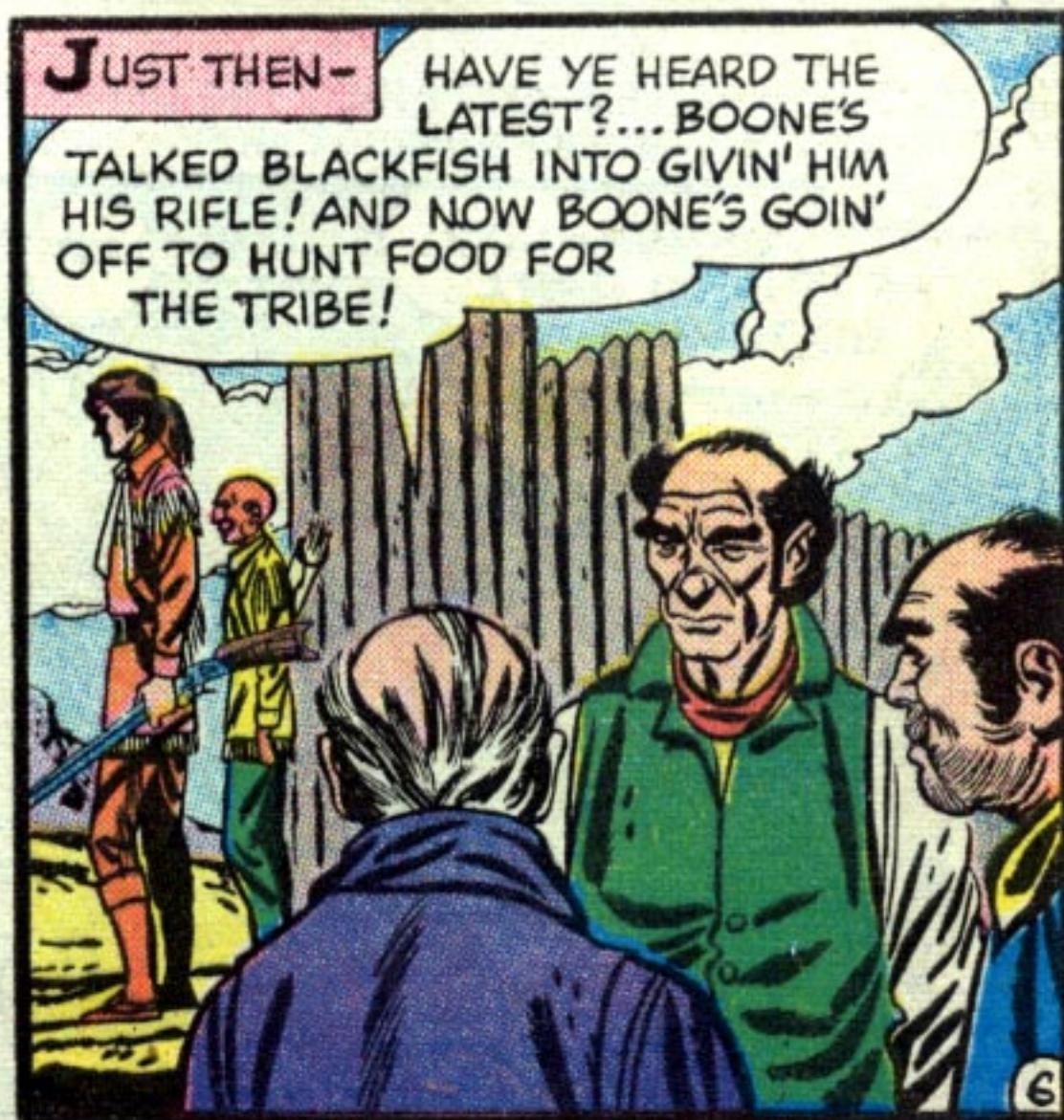
MORE TIME PASSED - SLOW-INCING HUNGRY MONTHS! AND THE SHAWNEES SUFFERED AS MUCH AS THEIR CAPTIVES, FOR GAME WAS SO SCARCE THAT WINTER!

LOOK AT 'EM - THEY'RE SO WEAK, THEY CAN HARDLY LIFT THEIR SPEARS! WE'LL MAKE GOOD OUR ESCAPE YET!

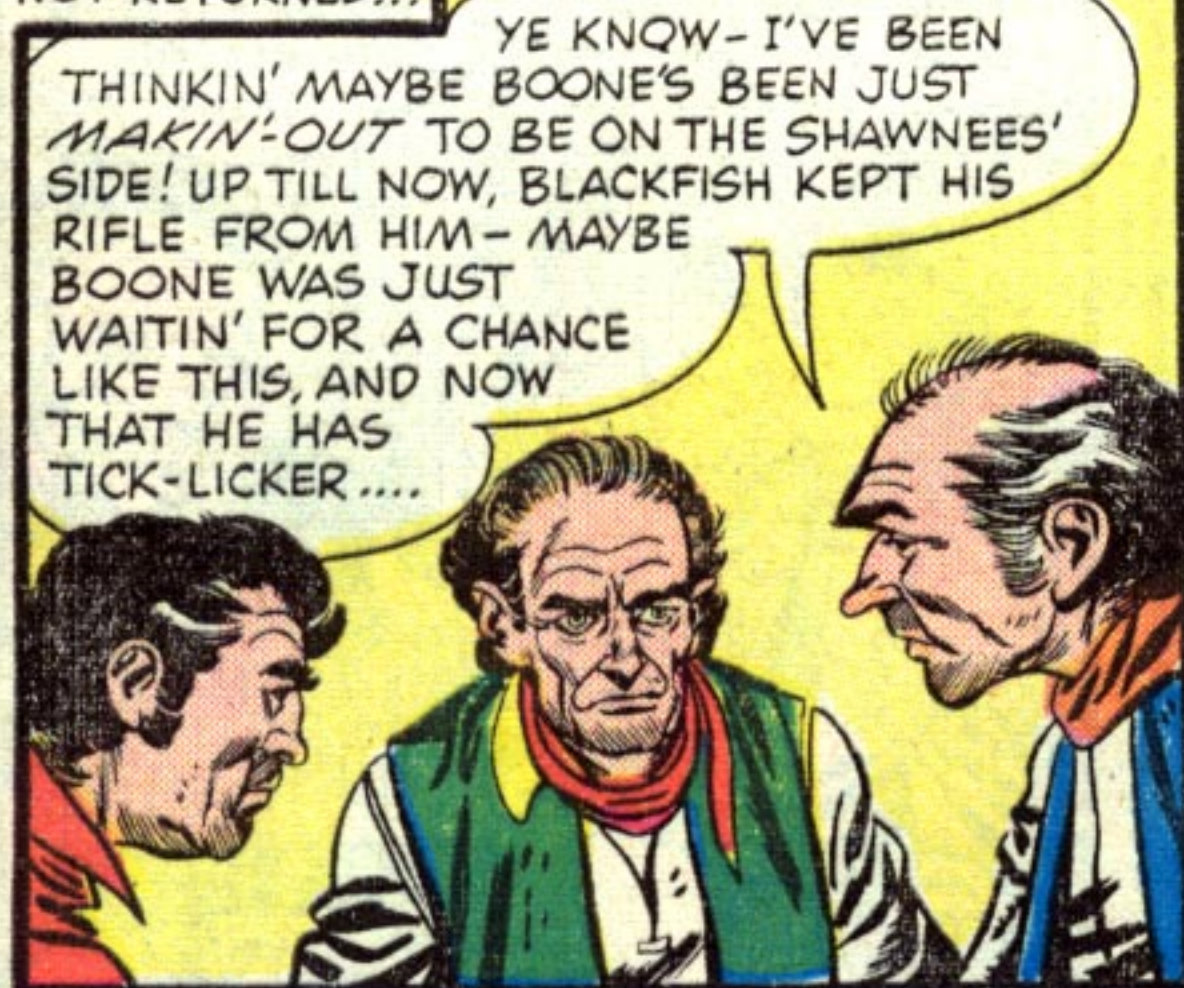


JUST THEN -

HAVE YE HEARD THE LATEST?... BOONE'S TALKED BLACKFISH INTO GIVIN' HIM HIS RIFLE! AND NOW BOONE'S GOIN' OFF TO HUNT FOOD FOR THE TRIBE!



MANY DAYS HAD PASSED, AND BOONE HAD STILL NOT RETURNED...



AND SO AFTER DRINKING BOONE'S HERB MEDICINE, THE SHAWNEES STARTED THEIR FEAST-





The End

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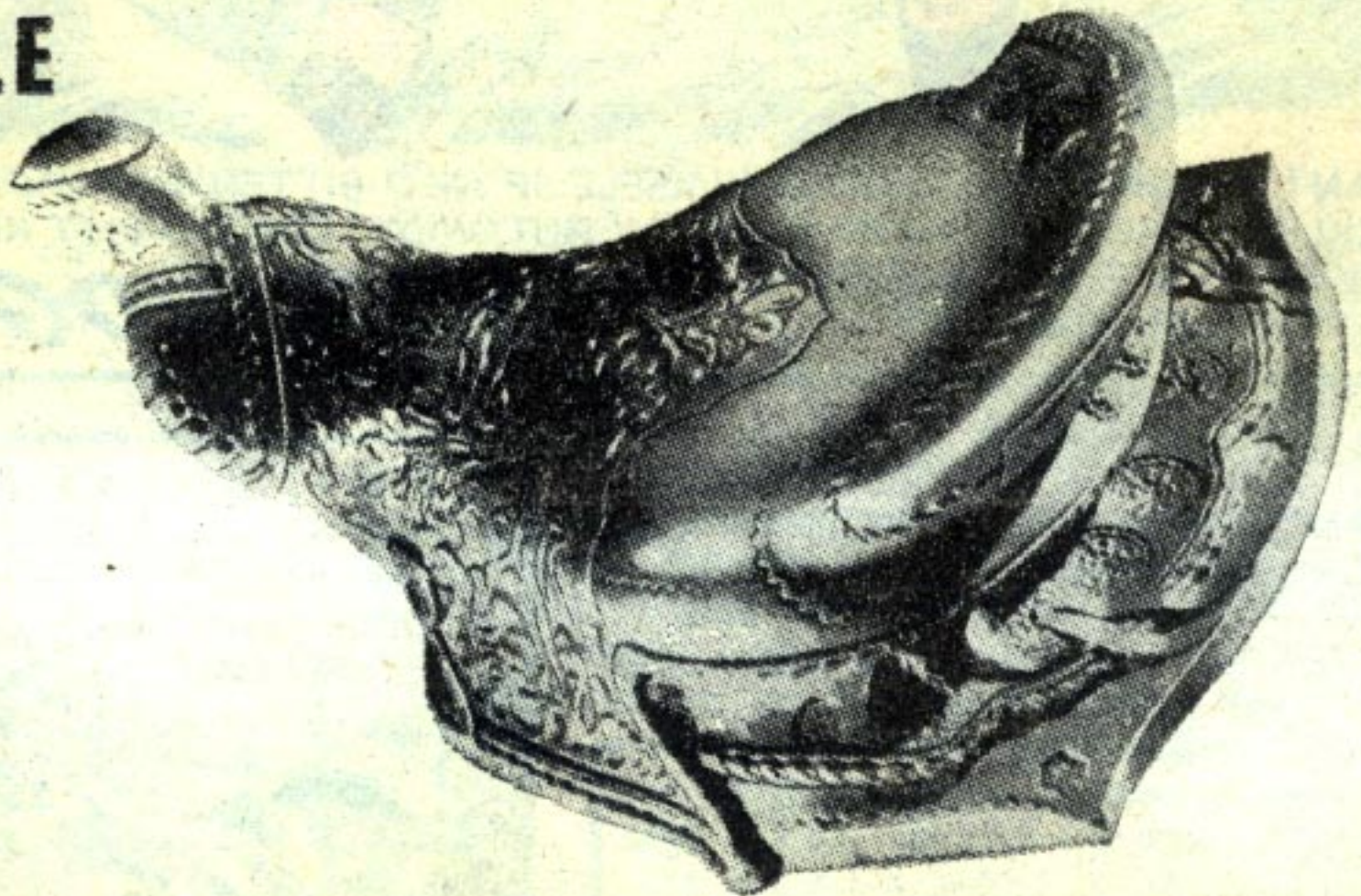


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Dan'l Boone



DAN'L BOONE WAS ASKING HIMSELF IF HE'D BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW BY TACKLING THE OVERSIZED GRIZZLY! BUT WHAT DAN'L DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT AT THAT VERY MOMENT-- A RIFLE WAS BEING LEVELLED AT HIM... BY

THE GRUDGE-BEARER!

IT ALL STARTED WITH CROOKED JIM LYMAN SOURLY HEADING OUT OF THE WILDERNESS WHERE A MAN HAD TO SWEAT FOR A LIVING! JUST A FEW MINUTES BACK, LYMAN HAD BEEN DEAD-SURE THAT NOTHING COULD DELAY HIM! BUT THEN--

A TRAPPER'S CACHE!... HERE'S WHERE I STAY FOR A WHILE... JUST LONG ENOUGH TO BALE THE SKINS AND LOAD THEM UP!



LATER-- SKINS ARE ALL BALE! LET'S SEE NOW... YUP-- THIS PACK SADDLE WILL BEAR THE LOAD!



BUT WHEN HE TURNED BACK TO THE BALES--

THE THONGS...!





SOMEBODY'S SLASHED THEM!



GUESS I SCARED THEM OFF WHEN I TURNED AROUND! WON'T TAKE LONG TO BALE UP AGAIN!



BUT THEN— NOW THE TETHER'S BEEN SLASHED—AND MY PACK HORSE IS GONE!



WH-WHOOEVER'S PLAGUING ME, CAN MOVE QUIETER THAN A SHADOW AND FASTER THAN A PANTHER! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN I KNOW OF WHO...



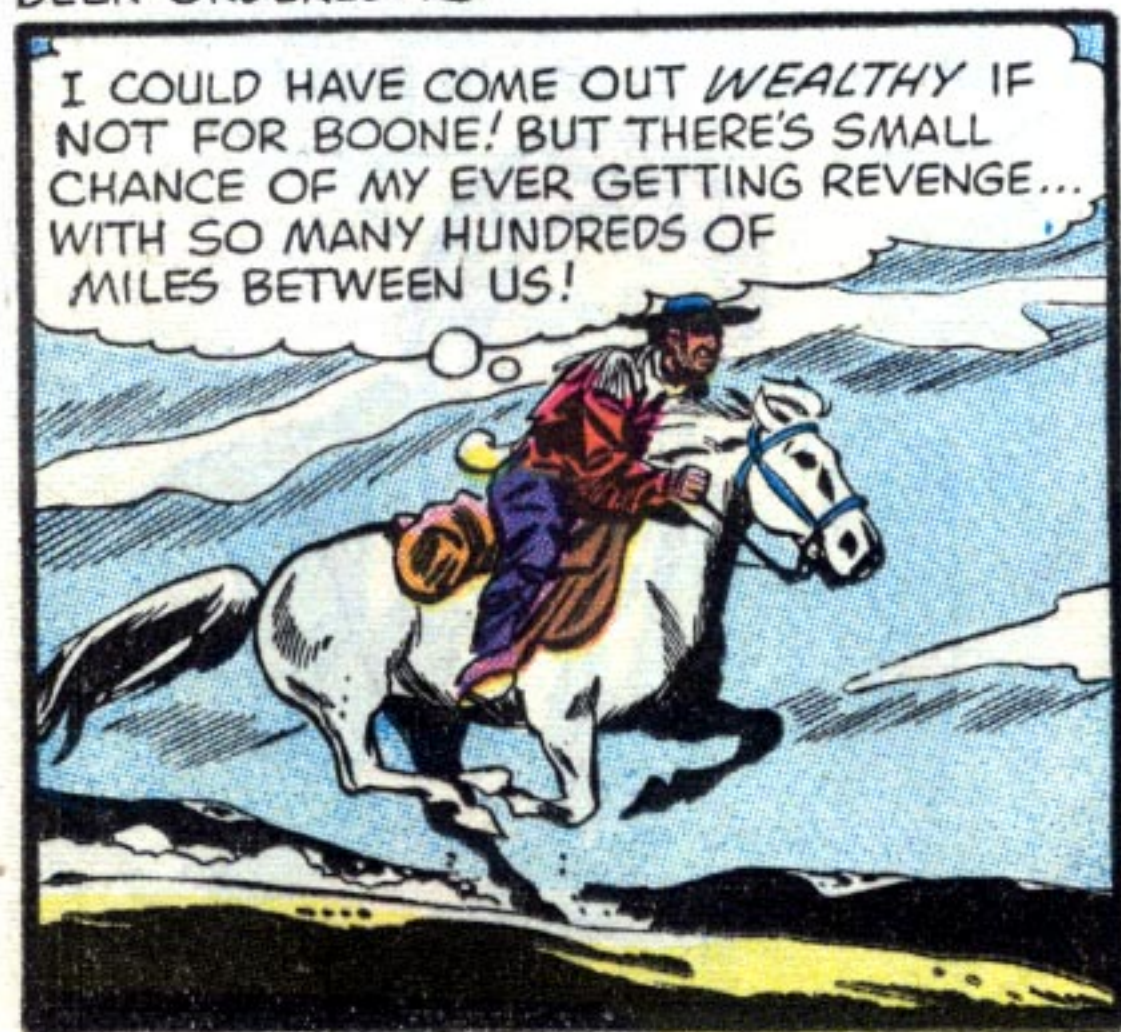
DAN'L BOONE!

I'VE BEEN TRAILIN' YE, LYMAN, TO MAKE SURE YE DID NO DEVILMENT BEFORE CLEARIN' KAIN'TUCK'!



YE'LL BE LEAVIN' EMPTY-HANDED NOW-- AND IF YE AIM TO STAY HEALTHY, YE'LL NEVER SHOW YOUR THIEVIN' FACE HEREABOUTS AGAIN!

SO JIM LYMAN CLEARED KENTUCKY AS HE'D BEEN ORDERED TO—

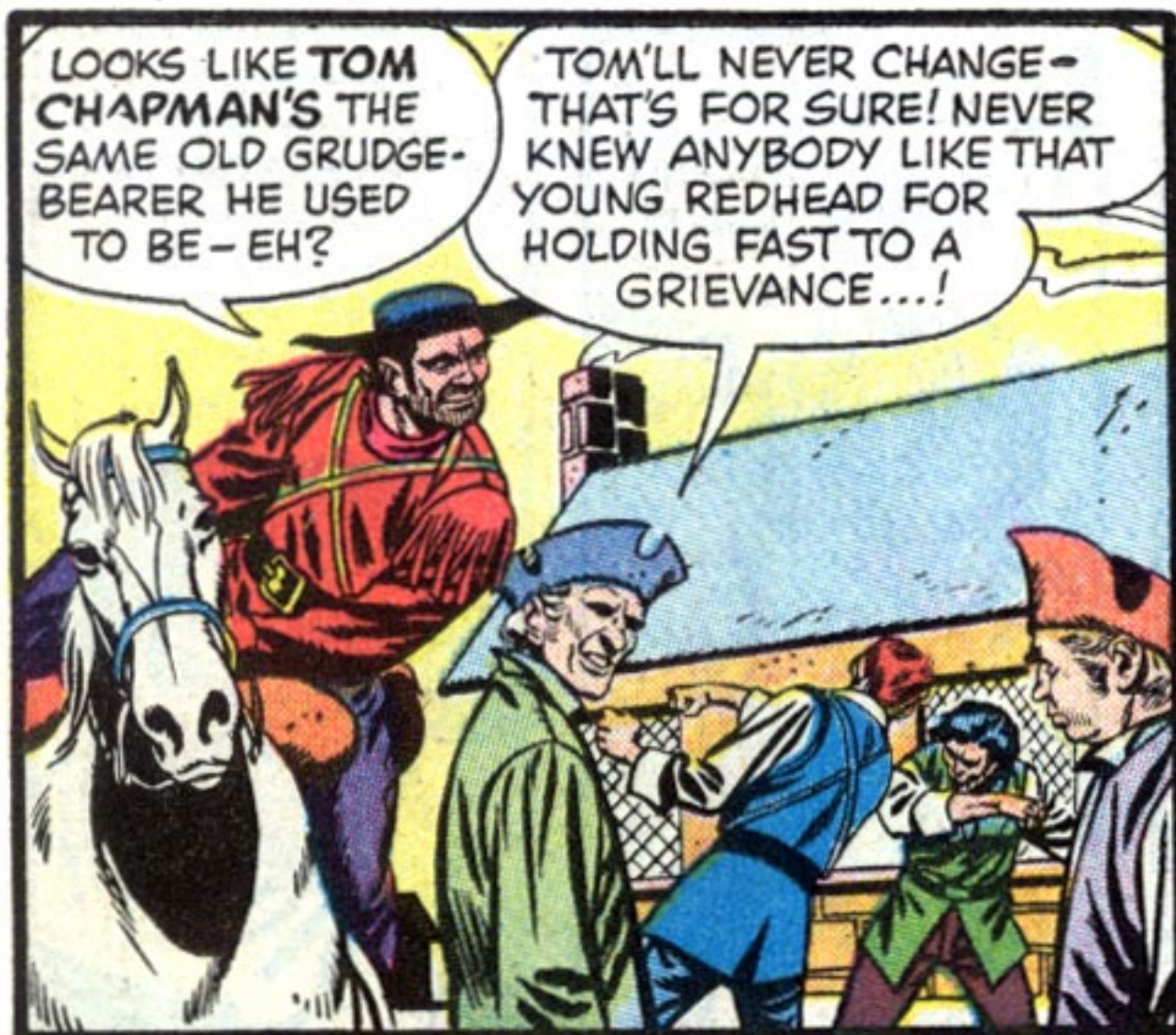


I COULD HAVE COME OUT WEALTHY IF NOT FOR BOONE! BUT THERE'S SMALL CHANCE OF MY EVER GETTING REVENGE... WITH SO MANY HUNDREDS OF MILES BETWEEN US!

CLEAR BACK TO EAST VIRGINIA HE RODE, AND NOT ONCE IN ALL THAT TIME DID HE STOP SCOWLING! BUT THEN WHEN HE REACHED HIS HOME TOWN, HE SAW—



THE GRUDGE-BEARER!



LOOKS LIKE **TOM CHAPMAN'S** THE SAME OLD GRUDGE-BEARER HE USED TO BE - EH?

TOM'LL NEVER CHANGE - THAT'S FOR SURE! NEVER KNEW ANYBODY LIKE THAT YOUNG REDHEAD FOR HOLDING FAST TO A GRIEVANCE...!



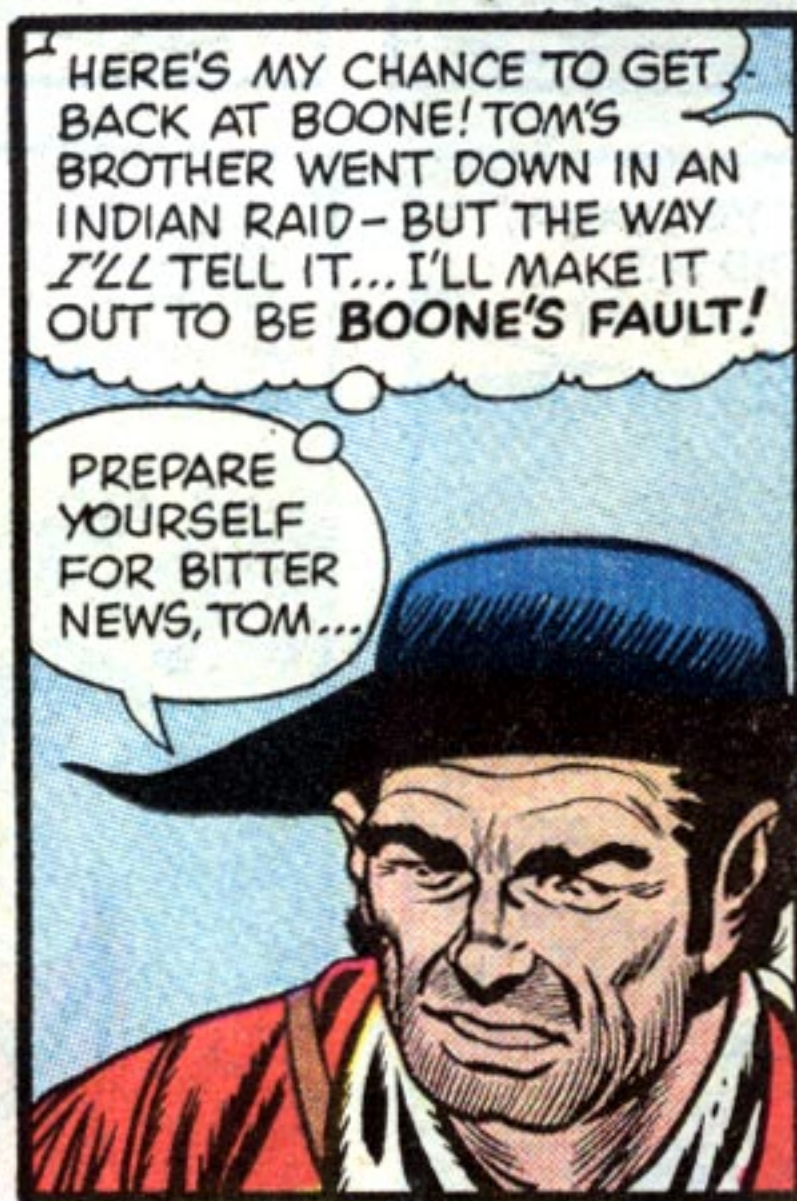
...ONCE HE FEELS SOMEBODY'S WRONGED HIM, HE NEVER RESTS TILL THAT SOMEBODY'S PAID IN FULL!



JUST THEN -

HEY, JIM LYMAN - YOU JUST CAME

BACK FROM KENTUCKY? DO YOU BRING ANY NEWS OF MY BROTHER, CHARLES, OUT THERE?



HERE'S MY CHANCE TO GET BACK AT BOONE! TOM'S BROTHER WENT DOWN IN AN INDIAN RAID - BUT THE WAY I'LL TELL IT... I'LL MAKE IT OUT TO BE **BOONE'S FAULT!**

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR BITTER NEWS, TOM...



AND SO LYMAN TOLD HIS VICIOUS LIE -

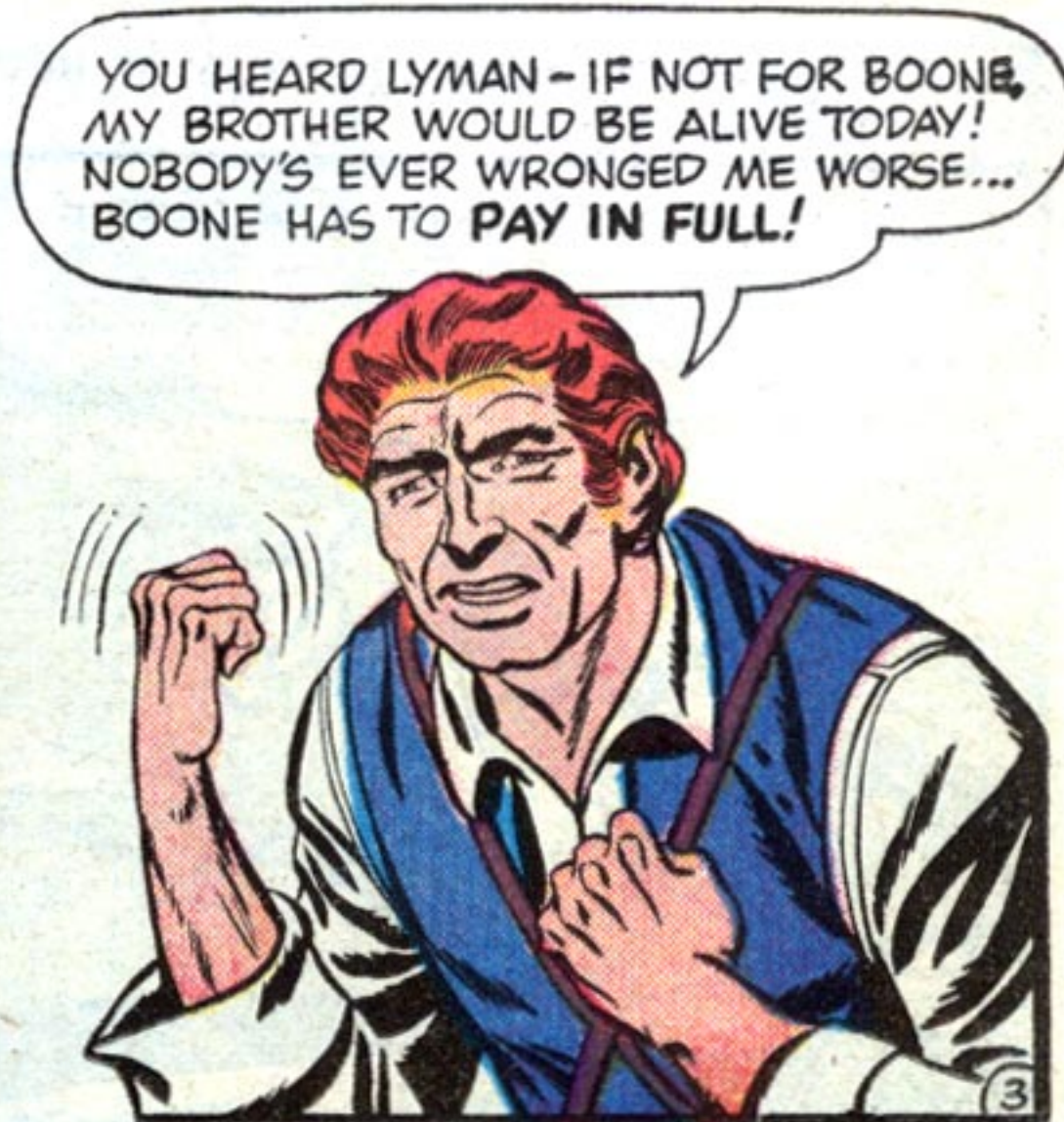
...THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, TOM! YOUR BROTHER WOULD BE ALIVE TODAY IF BOONE HADN'T RUN OUT ON HIM!

DAN'L BOONE RUN OUT ON A MAN? ... YOU MUST BE DREAMING!



SURE -- YOU ALL THINK BOONE'S A HERO! AND I'LL GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE -- HE'S A FINE MARKSMAN AT **LONG RANGE!** BUT WHEN IT COMES TO **CLOSE FIGHTING,** HE'LL TURN TAIL EVERY TIME!

TOM, YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF GOING AFTER BOONE, ARE YOU?



YOU HEARD LYMAN - IF NOT FOR BOONE, MY BROTHER WOULD BE ALIVE TODAY! NOBODY'S EVER WRONGED ME WORSE... BOONE HAS TO **PAY IN FULL!**



TOM-AT LEAST WAIT FOR THE NEXT PACK-TRAIN HEADED FOR KENTUCKY! THE WILDERNESS IS NO PLACE FOR AN INEXPERIENCED MAN TO RIDE ALONE!

I WON'T BE RIDING ALONE, FRIEND-



--I'LL BE BEARING MY GRUDGE WITH ME!

TWO WEEKS LATER, ON A WINDING MOUNT, IN TRAIL DEEP IN KENTUCKY-



HEY!-MY HORSE HAS LOST HIS FOOTING!



I'M GOING OVER!



I MANAGED TO BREAK THE FALL! BUT I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER...AND THAT'S A FAR DROP BELOW!



BUT JUST THEN, FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHASM-

HANG ON, STRANGER! HELP'S A-COMIN'! JUST PRAY THAT THIS TOSS HITS ITS MARK!

THE KENTUCKIAN'S THROW WAS A TRUE ONE! NOW, WORKING FAST, HE HITCHED HIS END OF THE KNOTTED THONG TO A TREE! AND THEN-



M-MY FINGERS... THEY'RE SLIPPING!

DIG IN WITH YOUR NAILS-I'M ALMOST TO YE!



GOT YE!... NOW SWING AFTER ME FAST-- THE THONG'S ABOUT TO ...



...BREAK!



WHEW- RIGHT-LUCKY WE HAD TIME TO SWING OVER ABOVE THIS-HERE TREE SO IT COULD BREAK OUR FALL!

MY LUCK STARTED THE MINUTE YOU SPOTTED ME, MISTER! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



DAN'L BOONE. WHAT'S YOURS?... HEY- WHAT'S AILIN' YE? WHAT'RE YE STARIN' AT ME SO QUEER-LIKE FOR?



I CAN'T TURN ON HIM NOW... IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT... HE JUST SAVED MY LIFE! BUT I'LL LEAVE HIM... I'LL CLIMB UP TO GET MY RIFLE... AND THE NEXT TIME I LAY MY EYES ON HIM, HE'LL PAY IN FULL!



LATER, THAT SAME DAY - I'LL TRY MY SHOOTING EYE ON THAT GRIZZLY... BUT IT'S BOONE I'LL BE THINKING OF AS I SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER!



KRAKK

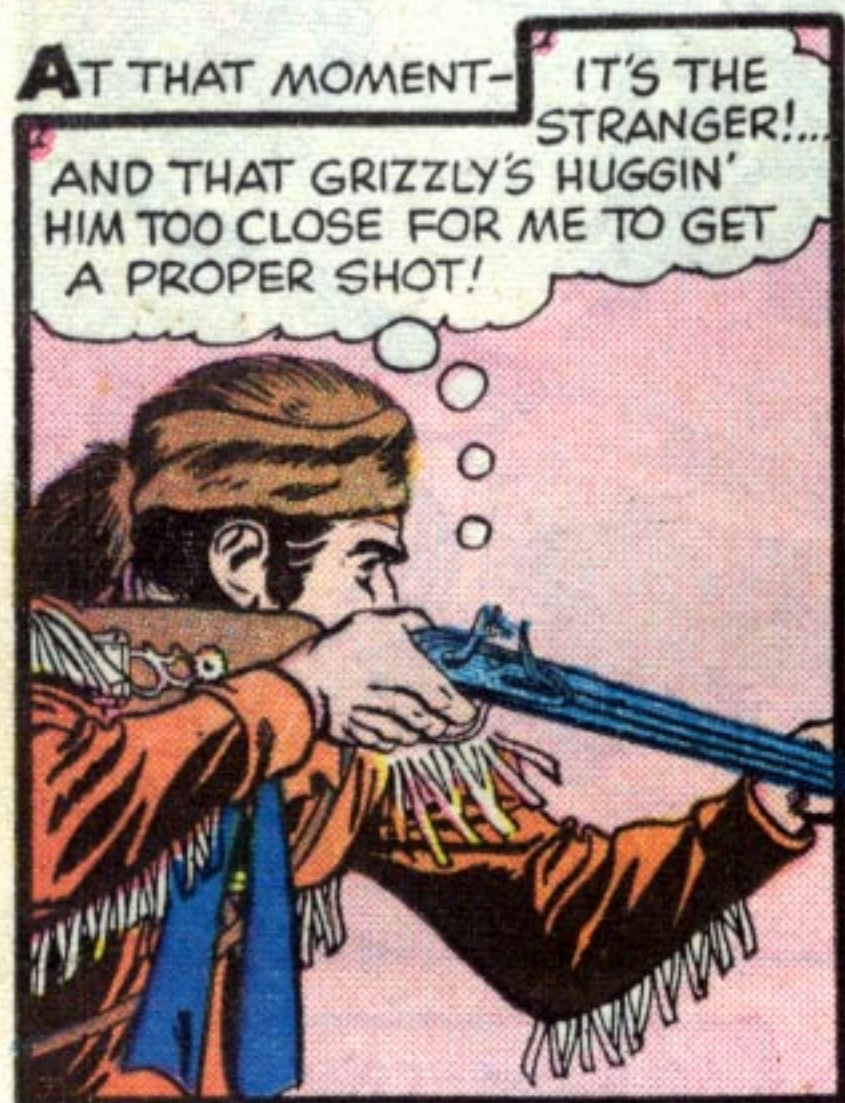
UH-OH -
RIFLE
SHOT OVER
YONDER!
RECKON I
DID WELL
TO TRAIPE
AFTER THAT
QUEER
STRANGER...!



I'VE WOUNDED THE GRIZZLY...
BUT HE HASN'T DROPPED! HE'S
COMING FOR ME - - AND
THERE'S NO TIME TO
RELOAD!



LOOKS LIKE BOONE WILL
NEVER PAY FOR MY
BROTHER'S DEATH... NOW!



AT THAT MOMENT - IT'S THE
STRANGER!...
AND THAT GRIZZLY'S HUGGIN'
HIM TOO CLOSE FOR ME TO GET
A PROPER SHOT!



BUT LEASTWAYS I CAN STING
HIM OFF WITH A BULLET!

KRAKK

GRRRRR!



I STUNG HIM ALL RIGHT... BUT NOW
HE AIMS TO DO A HEAP MORE
THAN THAT TO ME!



IT'S **BOONE!** THIS IS THE NEXT TIME I'VE LAID
EYES ON HIM! THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE RELOADING
NOW... BETWEEN ME AND THE GRIZZLY, HE'S
SURE TO PAY IN FULL!



RECKON THIS—HERE'S ONE TIME...I'VE BIT OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW!



CAN HARDLY MOVE...THE GRIZZLY'S ALL OVER ME!



BUT THEN—

WHEW—FOR A SPELL I WAS THINKIN' I'D NEVER GET TO

PULL MY HUNTIN' KNIFE OUT OF THE SHEATH!



I'M SO BONE-WEARY NOW, I COULD—HEY?!



I WAS GOING TO SHOOT, BOONE-- BUT **NOT NOW!** SEEING HOW YOU HANDLED YOURSELF IN **CLOSE FIGHTING** WITH THAT GRIZZLY, PROVED THAT JIM LYMAN **LIED** TO ME!

LYMAN? WHERE DID YE RUN INTO HIM...?



LATER— I'M RIGHT-GLAD YE KNOW THE TRUTH NOW, TOM! BUT WHAT DO YE AIM TO DO? WILL YE BE TEARIN' BACK TO VIRGINIA LIKE A GRUDGE-BEARIN' FOOL AFTER JIM LYMAN NOW...?



NO, BOONE—I WANT TO STAY ON HERE IN THE WILDERNESS ...AND TRY TO LIVE UP TO THE LIKES OF BRAVE, **CLEAR-HEADED** MEN LIKE YOU!

The End



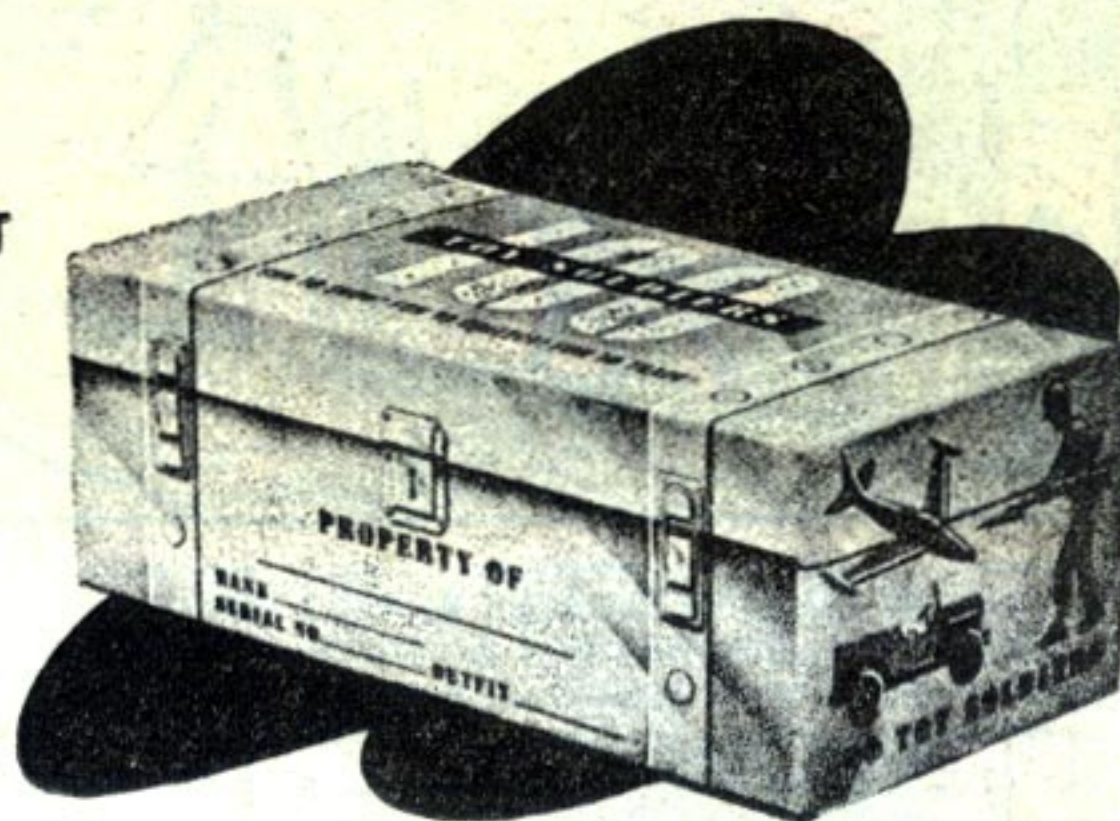
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Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

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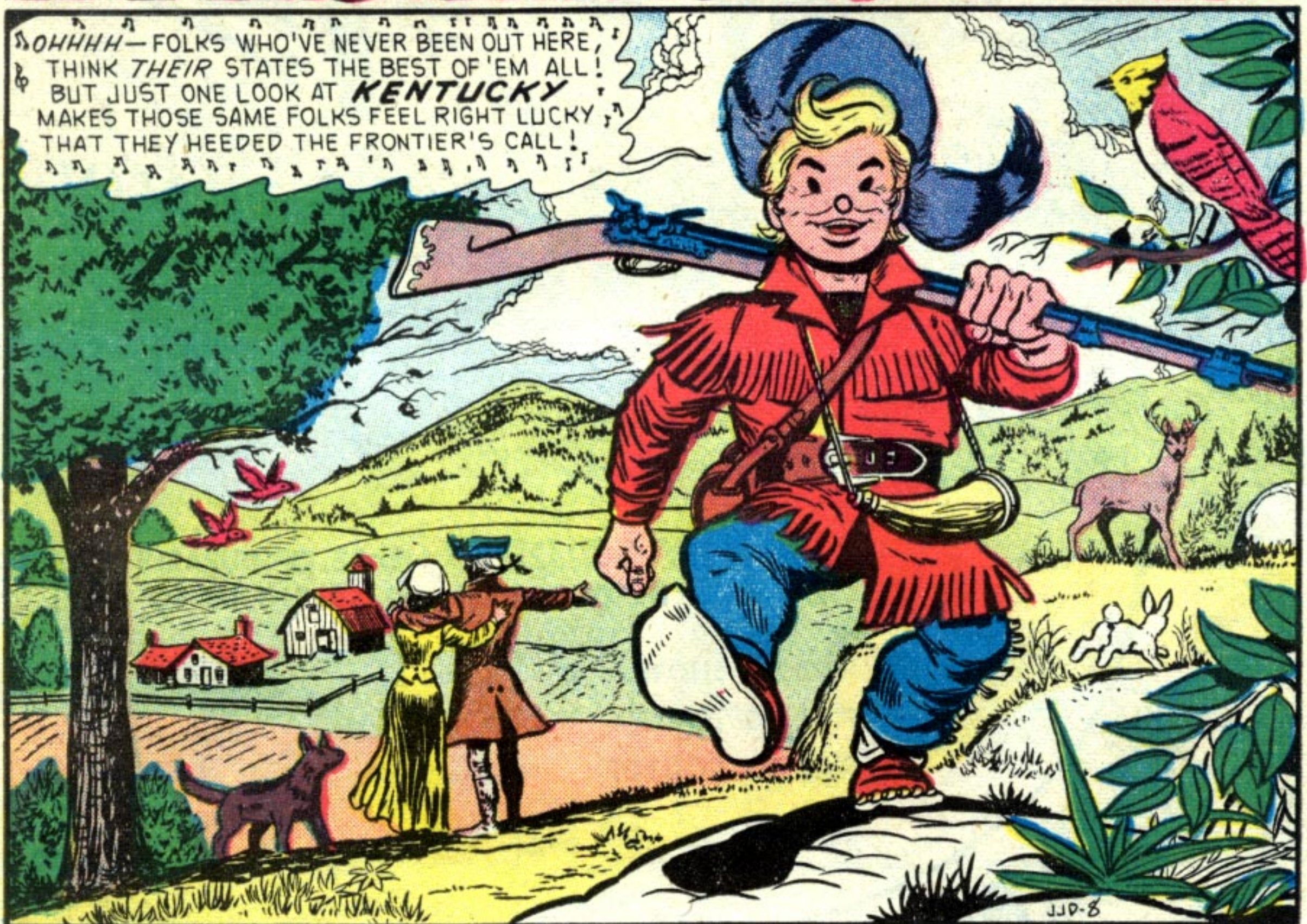
City State

NO COD'S

JOLLY JIM DANDY

HERE IT IS, FOLKS — THE RIP-ROARING TALE OF HOW *JOLLY JIM DANDY* TOLD

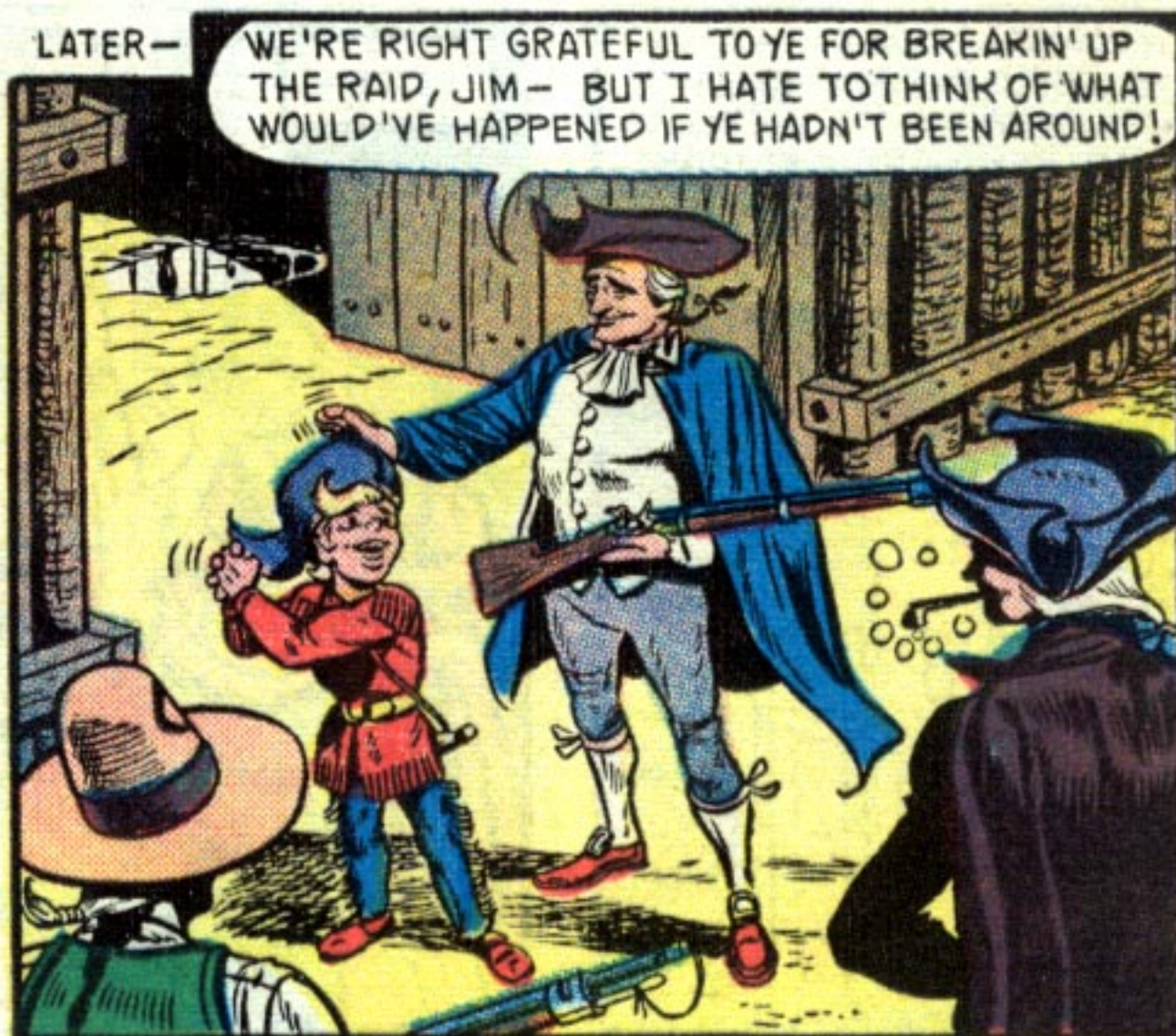
THE TRUTH ABOUT KENTUCKY!



NO DOUBT ABOUT KENTUCKY BEING A FARMER'S LAND AND A HUNTER'S PARADISE! BUT NO DOUBT EITHER ABOUT IT BEING FULL OF WAR-WHOOPING INDIANS! AND ON THIS NIGHT—

BUT THAT WAS NO BEAR CUB — THAT WAS **JOLLY JIM DANDY!**





MOST EVERYBODY WAS WILD WITH JOY AT JIM'S CONSENTING TO GO! 'MOST EVERYBODY... **EXCEPT—**



THE MORE PEOPLE WHO COME TO KENTUCKY—THE MORE LAND-CLAIMS THERE'LL BE!



HMMMM— LOOK AT THIS! IF WE COULD GET HIM TO MAKE JIM DANDY SPREAD THE WORD THAT KENTUCKY'S NOTHING BUT AN ARID DESERT— NEW SETTLERS WILL NEVER COME!



LATER—



JUST STEP IN HERE, SIR— AND I'LL DEMONSTRATE! YOU TWO WAIT, PLEASE— I MUST BE ALONE WITH THE SUBJECT!



AFTER A FEW MINUTES —



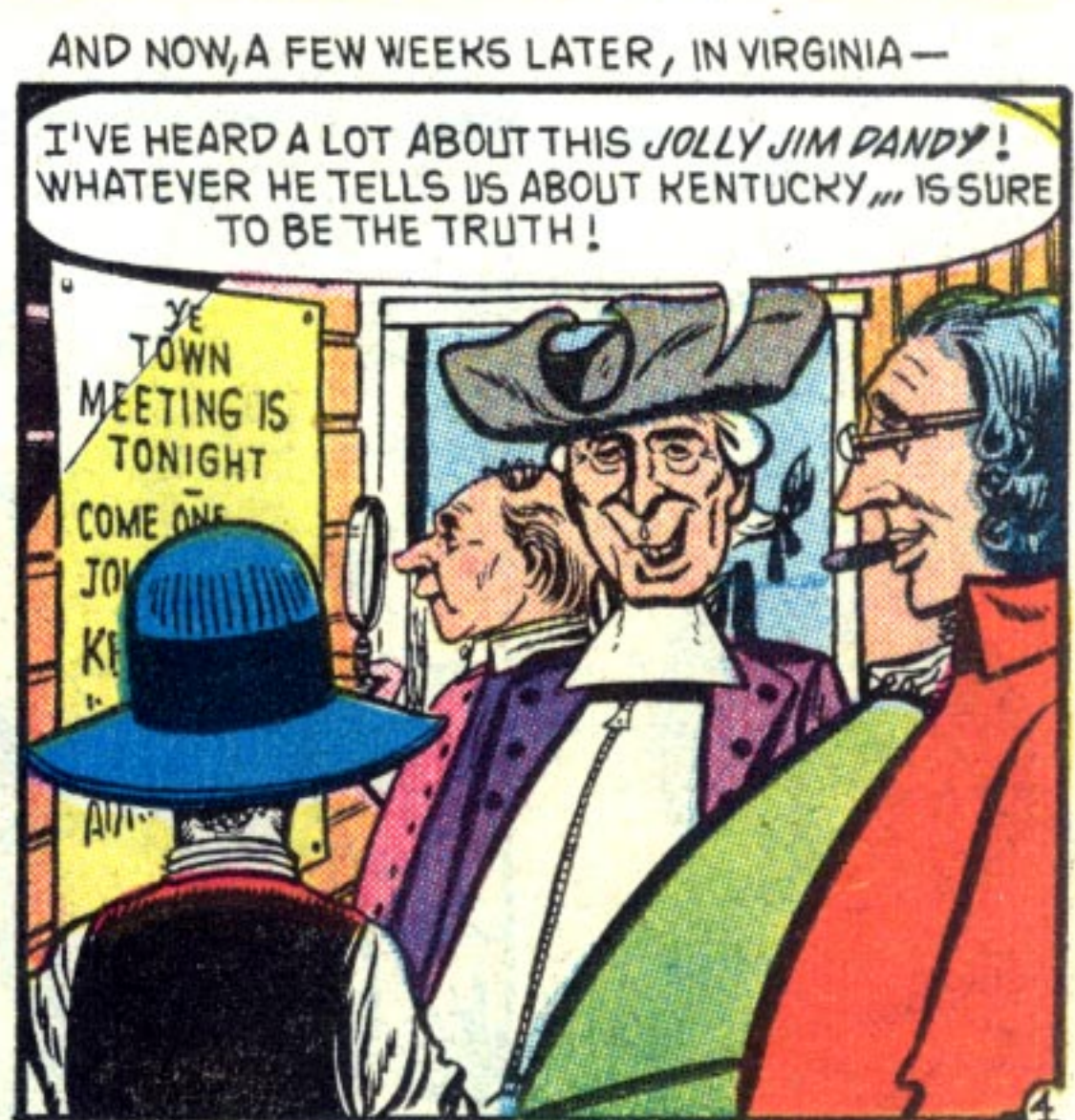
BEHOLD, GENTLEMEN— I HAVE CLAPPED MY HANDS, AND YOUR FRIEND MUST DO AS I ORDERED WHILE HE WAS ALONE WITH ME!

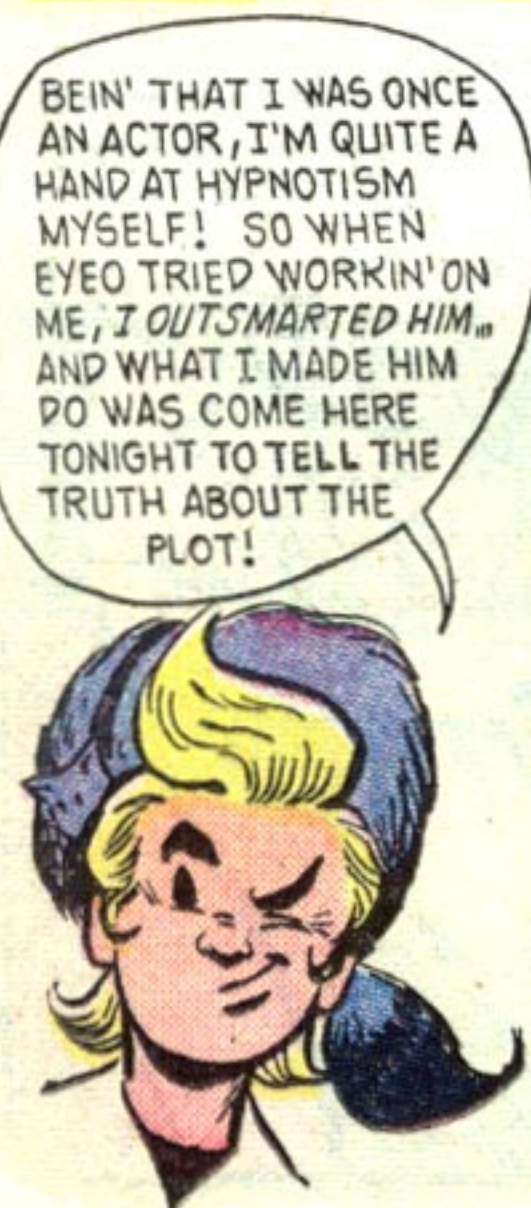
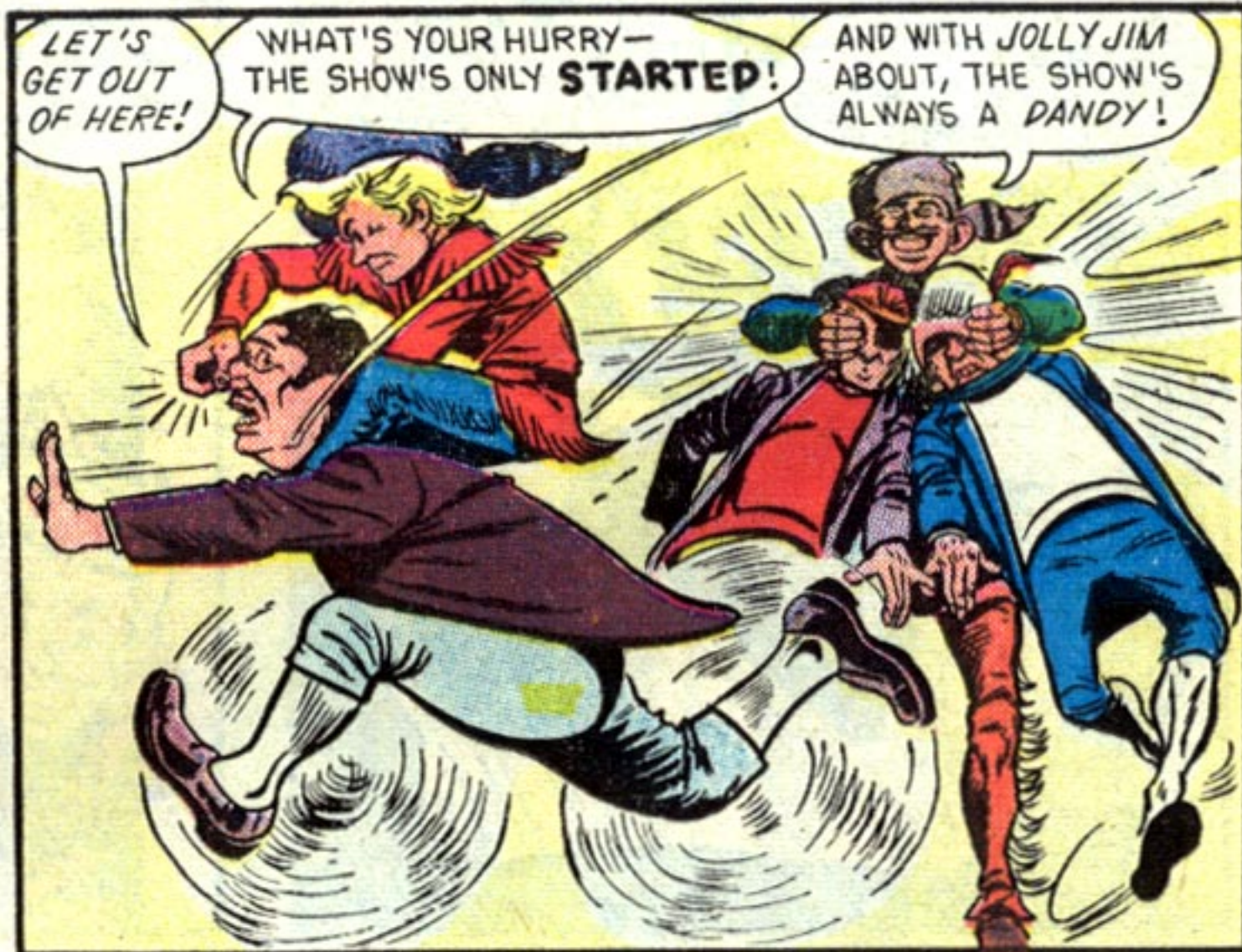


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NEWS

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THE BRANS IN
BACK OF THE N.Y.
YANKEES

THE GOOD TEAM

NO DOUBT about it—young Tad Jones was whizzing along on top of the world that day in the forest. Striding there behind Jim Kirby, he wouldn't have changed places with a prince in a palace.

Right there and then on the trail, Tad began to whistle to give vent to his high spirits. And he would have whistled clear till bed-down time if Kirby hadn't suddenly stopped short and motioned him to silence.

The two of them stood as still as two bucks sniffing out a man-scent—with Kirby peering tensely forward into the shadows, and Tad wondering what his friend saw . . .

Then, soundlessly, without a word, Kirby knelt and scrabbled one finger along the ground. Then he pointed to himself and made some climbing motions. After that, he pointed at Tad, then down at the ground, making some thrashing motions.

The lone finger scrabbling over the ground meant that Kirby had spotted *one forest-runner*. And the rest of the signals detailed how they would go about catching the scoundrel.

As Kirby swiftly climbed a tree, Tad began to thrash about below, and then flung himself down with a thump and called out loudly as if in pain.

He lay there for a long moment—but aside from the regular forest sounds, heard nothing but silence.

Could Kirby have mistaken one of the forest's flickering shadows for a flesh-and-blood man . . . ?

Tad's doubt lasted only a split second—for now, unmistakably, he heard the slow, stealthy sounds made by someone crawling closer . . . and then he saw the runner's bearded face peering at him from behind a thick clump of underbrush.

Then the runner rose and strode towards him . . . only to be flattened by Kirby dropping onto his back from the tree.

Then Kirby began to query him urgently, asking what he was doing hereabouts—and where was the rest of his scurvy band?

And now, the runner's sneering answers confirmed the frontiersman's worst fears.

"Sure, I'll tell ye where they are!" the captive snarled. "Why shouldn't I? Ye'll never be able to head 'em off! Right now they're headed for Hathaway Gap to meet up with the Shawnees and mount a joint

attack on the settlement!"

Kirby's eyes narrowed. "Ye're lyin'," he said flatly. "The Shawnees were beaten off too badly at Logan's Station to be startin' anythin' again."

The runner chuckled. "By *themselves*, they wouldn't," he said. "But with us runners fightin' alongside them, they'll be right willin'!"

"They'll pull out all right, Kirby, if the band doesn't meet up with 'em there by the end of the week." Their captive smiled craftily. "And the reason I don't mind tellin' ye all this is because bein' out where ye are, ye won't have time to warn the settlers. And bein' that there's just two of ye, ye can't head off the band—that's for sure!"

Their captive couldn't have been more sure of himself, but he hadn't reckoned on the great feats two men could perform when their actions meshed as well as Tad's and Kirby's.

After leaving him loosely shackled in a cave where they could pick him up later, those two set off. They moved through the thick shadows of the forest, quiet as two cats, keeping a steady gait that swallowed distance in big chunkfuls. And after two days of loping without rest, they had circled ahead of the band and posted themselves on the far bank of a swift-flowing stream that had to be crossed to get to Hathaway's Gap.

Tad grinned. He knew without being told what Kirby had in mind. . . .

They were waiting, hidden in the underbrush, at least thirty yards between them, when the runners showed up on the other bank of the stream.

KRAKK!

Kirby had fired first—and one of the runners stumbled, clutching at his shoulder.

"Give 'em pepper and salt, men!"

"Keep a-shootin'! Ye've got 'em outnumbered!"

Yelling loudly in constantly changing voices, running from place to place, shooting every time from a new position, Kirby and Tad made so much noise and threw so much lead, that the runners, thinking they were truly outnumbered, withdrew from the bank for a worried conference.

"Looks like we've buffaloed them," Tad whispered.

"Could be," Kirby winked. "And if they

don't cross here, any detour they take won't get 'em to Hathaway Gap till well into next week!" He nudged Tad with his elbow. "Don't ye feel bad about delayin' the fine gentlemen, boy . . . ?"

Well, after that, Tad was feeling better than ever. There was no finer fighting team in the whole wide world, he kept telling himself, than Tad Jones and Jim Kirby!

And that's how Tad was thinking when he and Kirby walked into the settlement to hand over the captive whom they'd picked up at the cave.

"No, sir," Tad was saying to himself, "nothing can ever come between me and Jim Kirby! We'll keep rolling along together just about forever, I guess. Just the two of us. We don't need anybody else. No, sir!"

Just then one of the settlers called out, "Hey, Kirby—come here. Got a real surprise for ye inside this cabin."

Both Tad and Kirby stepped forward, but then the settler said, "Ye'd best come alone, Kirby."

Kirby shrugged and motioned Tad to set awhile. Tad didn't mind. The settlers didn't know how close he and Kirby were. They thought he was too young for man-talk . . . but Kirby would be back in a second and Kirby would tell him what it was all about. There were no secrets between them. No, sir. . . .

So Tad squatted with his back to the stockade wall and lazily watched all the goings-on, expecting Kirby to come right out to fetch him.

But ten minutes passed . . . twenty . . .

Tad was frowning now. Could something have gone wrong in the cabin? He'd better check to see if his friend needed help.

Tad raised himself and walked forward, purposely appearing casual, so if he were spotted approaching by some one, they wouldn't think him suspicious. When he reached the cabin, the door was ajar, and what he saw inside made his face writhe in a grimace of shock.

For Jim Kirby was holding the hand of a grown woman in there, smiling and talking softly.

Groaning, Tad stepped back. No secrets between them, he thought bitterly. Hmpf—how he'd flattered and fooled himself! Kirby had never breathed a word to him about any moon-eyed girl. . . .

And what was worse—just the sight of her had driven all memory of Tad out of Kirby's mind . . . had made him forget all about Tad waiting alone outside!

A hot tear trickled down Tad's cheek. That quick look through the cabin door had tumbled him far down from the top of the world . . . and now, his heart choking with

anger for the friend who had failed him, Tad walked slowly out through the stockade gates, slowly into the forest . . . and he kept walking that way, too stubborn to turn back, but half-hoping that any moment he'd hear Kirby calling after him.

But Kirby never called. . . .

Tad kept stumbling along, not looking where he was going, and not caring. And that's how come, while blindly climbing a ridge, he stumbled on some loose shale, and fell hard, twisting his ankle.

When he pulled himself to his feet and tried to walk, the pain was so sharp that he pitched right down to the ground again.

But then the fix worsened.

It was towards dusk when Tad first heard the series of long drawn-out quavering yelps that chilled his blood with fear. "Wolves!" he said, half-aloud.

And then in the light of the full moon, he saw them, padding softly, coming closer in an ever tightening circle. He could tell which was the leader of the pack—a big grey who was standing stock-still, growling deeply, and staring at him with blazing eyes.

Suddenly the big grey lunged forward!

Tad's ankle was so bad, he hadn't even been able to drag himself over to his rifle . . . and all he could do now was fling up his hands and close his eyes when —

KRAKK!

He opened his eyes in time to see the big grey go down in a heap, and the pack run off, yelping dispiritedly.

And then, sliding down the slope, his smoking rifle cradled in his arms, came Jim Kirby!

"You came after me?" Tad said disbelievingly.

"Yup," Kirby smiled. "And looks like I got here just in time too."

"How come your lady friend let go of your hand?"

Kirby frowned. "Lady friend?" Then he laughed. "That was my sister, Tad! Hadn't seen her for many years . . . and there was a heap of news to hear about all my kinfolk." He chuckled Tad under the chin. "When I thought to call ye into the cabin and I saw ye were gone, it didn't worry me none. That Tad's one boy who can look after himself, was my feelin'. But my sister—she's the worryin' kind . . . and she fretted so, I came after ye."

Now he was helping Tad onto his feet. "I'm right glad I did, Tad," he said. "I sure wouldn't have wanted to lose the best friend a man ever had. Why, we two make just about the best fightin' team in the whole wide world."

Then Jim Kirby winked at Tad, and Tad found himself smiling again.

THE END

Dan'l Boone



THE WYANDOTS HAD A **SECRET WEAPON**—BUT ALL THAT THE SETTLERS HAD ABOVE AND BEYOND THEIR REGULAR QUOTA OF WEAPONS AND COURAGE, WAS WHAT THEY CALLED **DAN'L BOONE'S FOLLY**— **THE TOY STOCKADE!**

IT HAD BEEN A HARD SEASON OUT ON THE FRONTIER—WITH THE FIERCE WYANDOTS RAIDING ONE SETTLEMENT AFTER ANOTHER—

KEN-TA-KEE WILL BE OURS AGAIN!



LOGAN STATION WAS ONE OF THE FEW SETTLEMENTS AS YET UNRAIDED... BUT THE FOLKS THERE KNEW THAT AS SURE AS NIGHT FOLLOWS DAY, THEIR TURN WOULD COME SOON! AND THAT'S WHY THEY WERE ALL ON EDGE—AND NONE OF THEM EVER WANDERED FAR FROM THE BLOCKHOUSE!

THOSE DRATTED YOUNG 'UNS ARE CATERWAULIN' AGAIN! I'LL FIX 'EM PROPER THIS TIME!





LEAVE OFF THAT RUCKUSIN'!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PASSEL OF YE ANYHOW? THE PAST FEW WEEKS YE'VE BEEN ACTIN' CRAZY!

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON THEM-



-IT'S THE STAYING CRAMPED UP IN THE SETTLEMENT THAT STIRS THEIR YOUNG BLOOD SO! THEY'RE LIKE CAGED BEAR CUBS-FOREVER SNARLING AND WRESTLING BECAUSE THERE'S NO PLACE TO GET OFF TO ALONE... AND NOTHING TO DO!



I'LL LET YE OFF THIS TIME! BUT MARK MY WORDS-IF YE GIVE US AN OUNCE MORE OF TROUBLE, THE WHOLE PASSEL OF YE WON'T BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN FOR A FORTNIGHT!



LATER- RECKON WE'LL BE ABLE TO WATCH OUT FOR THE WYANDOTS WITHOUT THOSE YOUNG RASCALS DRAGGIN' US OFF THE PARAPETS AGAIN!

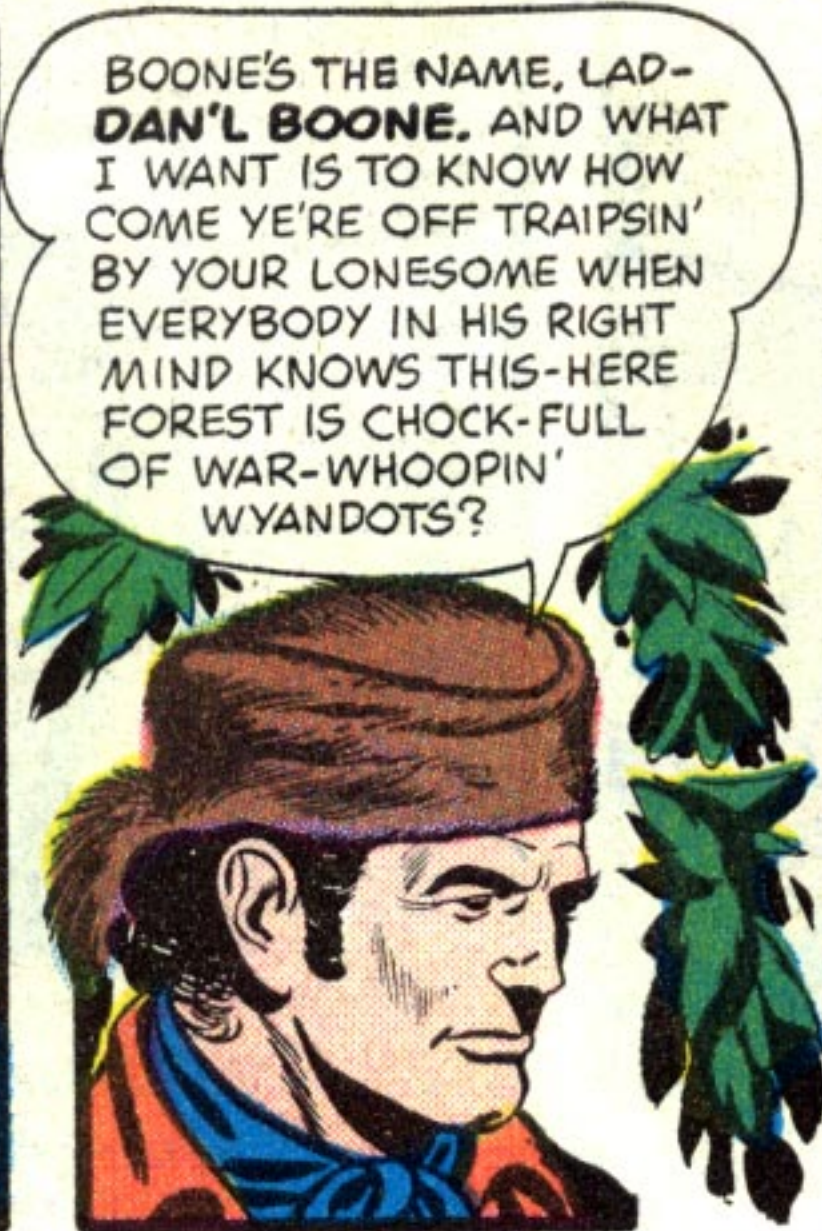


BUT THE NEXT MORNING-- MY BOY, JESS- HE LEFT A NOTE SAYING HE COULDN'T STAND BEING PENNED UP ANY LONGER! HE STOLE OFF DURING THE NIGHT- AND NOW HE'S ALONE IN THE FOREST!

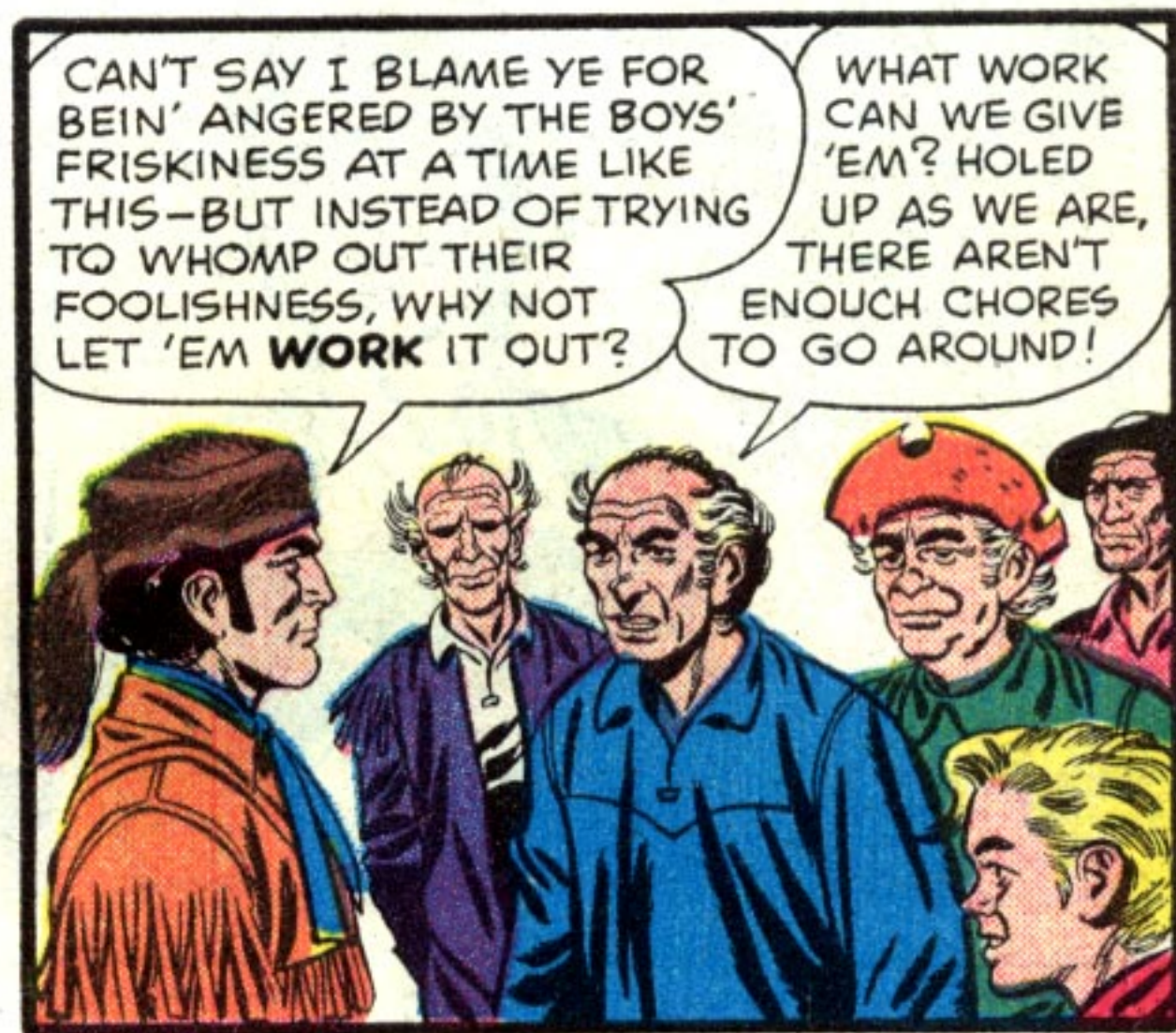


AT THAT MOMENT, YOUNG JESS WAS WISHING HIS BLOOD HAD BEEN A MITE LESS RESTLESS--!

HEY?!



WHEN THEY REACHED LOGAN'S STATION -



SOME OF THE SETTLERS GRUMBLED - AND THAT'S WHEN THE PHRASE, "**BOONE'S FOLLY**," WAS FIRST USED! BUT NO ONE COULD COME UP WITH A BETTER PLAN - SO THE **TOY STOCKADE** GOT UNDER WAY!



THE FIRST WYANDOT SCOUTS WERE ALREADY AT HAND!

LET THE PALEFACE CHILDREN PLAY WITH THEIR TOY... SOON THEY WILL NEVER PLAY AGAIN!



NOT LONG AFTER, AT THE WYANDOT ENCAMPMENT, THE CHIEF WAS ADDRESSING HIS TRIBE—

OUR RAID ON LOGAN'S STATION CANNOT FAIL! WE HAVE A **SECRET WEAPON** THE PALE-FACES HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE....



"... A GREAT **SHIELD**, MADE OF LOGS EVEN AS THE PALEFACES' STOCKADE WALLS ARE MADE OF LOGS! IT WILL BLOCK THE BULLETS FIRED BY THE PALEFACES' LONG-STICKS—AND OUR WARRIORS WILL REACH THEIR WALL UNHARMED!"



"AND THEN THE GREAT SHIELD WILL SERVE TO GET US **OVER** THE WALL—ITS HOLDING-PEGS WILL FORM STEPS FOR OUR WARRIORS! AND ONCE WE ARE INSIDE THE STOCKADE, VICTORY WILL BE OURS!"



WHEN THE CHIEF HAD FINISHED SPEAKING, THE WAR DANCE STARTED—

KEN-TA-KEE WILL BE OURS AGAIN!



AND AFTER THE WAR DANCE—

TONIGHT WE SLEEP IN THE SHADOW OF LOGAN'S STATION... AT **DAWN**, WE ATTACK!



THE CONFIDENT WYANDOTS WERE IN POSITION NOW...AND INSIDE THE SETTLEMENT--

HMPF--

LISTEN TO THAT WHOOPIN'! THEY SURE DON'T MIND US KNOWIN' THEY'RE OUT THERE!

INSTEAD OF LETTIN' THE YOUNG 'UNS BUILD **BOONE'S FOLLY**, WE'D HAVE BEEN FAR BETTER OFF USIN' 'EM TO HELP US STRENGTHEN THE BIG WALL!



BUT A WHOLE NIGHT HAD TO PASS BEFORE DAWN-- AND THAT NIGHT WAS FAR FROM RESTFUL FOR THE ENCAMPED WYANDOTS--

OUR HORSES-- SOMEONE HAS STAMPEDED THEM!



HU!-- A FIREBRAND... FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT!



ONE FORWARD SCOUT AFTER ANOTHER WAS DIVERTED FROM HIS WATCHING--

I HEARD A LAUGH... BUT NOW NO ONE IS HERE!



BUT NOW IT WAS DAWN--AND THE MAIN BODY OF WYANDOTS WAS STILL INTACT! AND THEIR GREAT SHIELD WAS READY TO BE TESTED IN BATTLE!

TO THE STOCKADE WALL!... VICTORY WILL BE OURS!



NOTHING CAN STOP US!

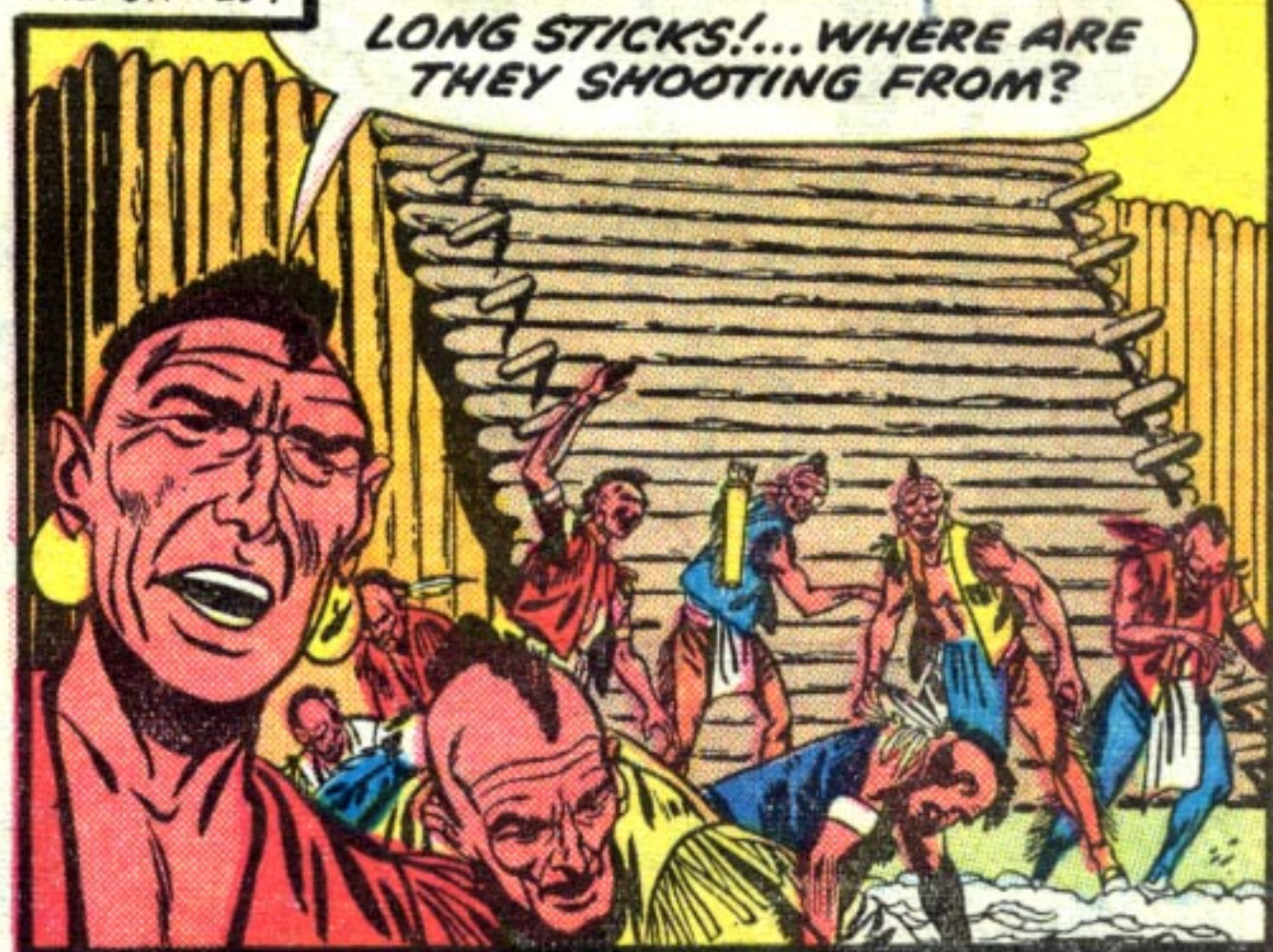
KI-YI-YI!





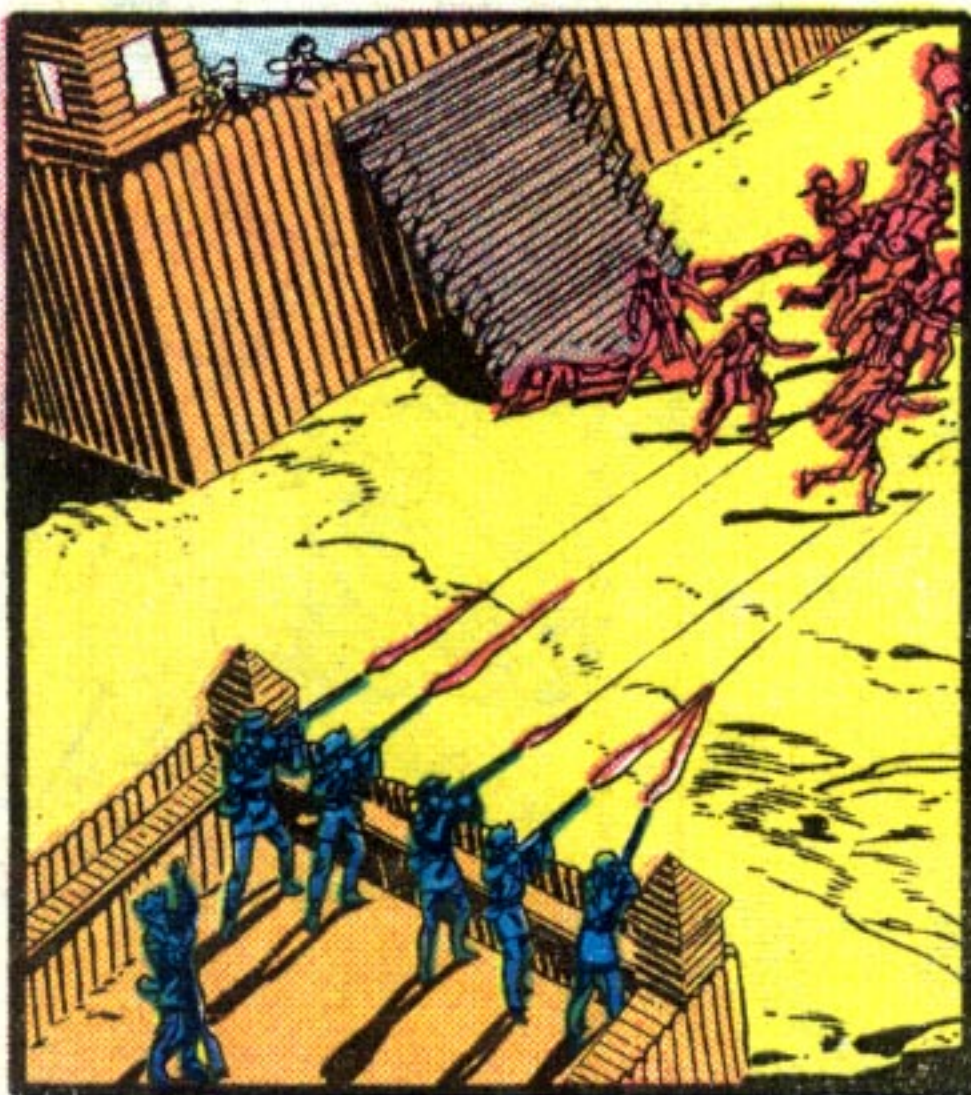
WE ARE ALMOST AT THE WALL! SOON WE SHALL USE THE SHIELD AS A LADDER!

BUT THEN CAME A WITHERING FUSILLADE FROM BEHIND THE SHIELD!



LONG STICKS!... WHERE ARE THEY SHOOTING FROM?

THEY WERE SHOOTING FROM THE **TOY STOCKADE!** HALF OF THE SETTLEMENT'S DEFENDERS HAD CREPT THERE DURING THE NIGHT WHILE BOONE HAD BEEN OUT KEEPING THE WYANDOTS TOO BUSY TO NOTICE!



THE GREAT SHIELD HAD FALLEN NOW--AND THE WYANDOTS' SURE VICTORY WAS SNUFFED OUT!



GIVE 'EM SALT AND PEPPER, MEN--MAKE 'EM SKEDADDLE CLEAR OUT OF KAINTEUCK'!

LATER-- ON MY WAY HERE BEFORE FINDIN' YOUNG JESS, I'D SCOUTED THE WYANDOTS AND SEEN THEIR SHIELD! THAT'S WHY THE NOTION OF A TOY STOCKADE SPRUNG TO MIND--SO WE'D HAVE A WAY TO FIRE AT 'EM FROM THE FLANK!



BUT I DIDN'T LET ON MY REAL REASON TILL LAST NIGHT--FOR FEAR THAT THE WYANDOTS MIGHT HAVE A RENEGADE SPY INSIDE THE SETTLEMENT!... WELL, **TWO** THINGS ARE FOR SURE NOW! **ONE--** THE WYANDOTS ARE GONE FOR GOOD...!

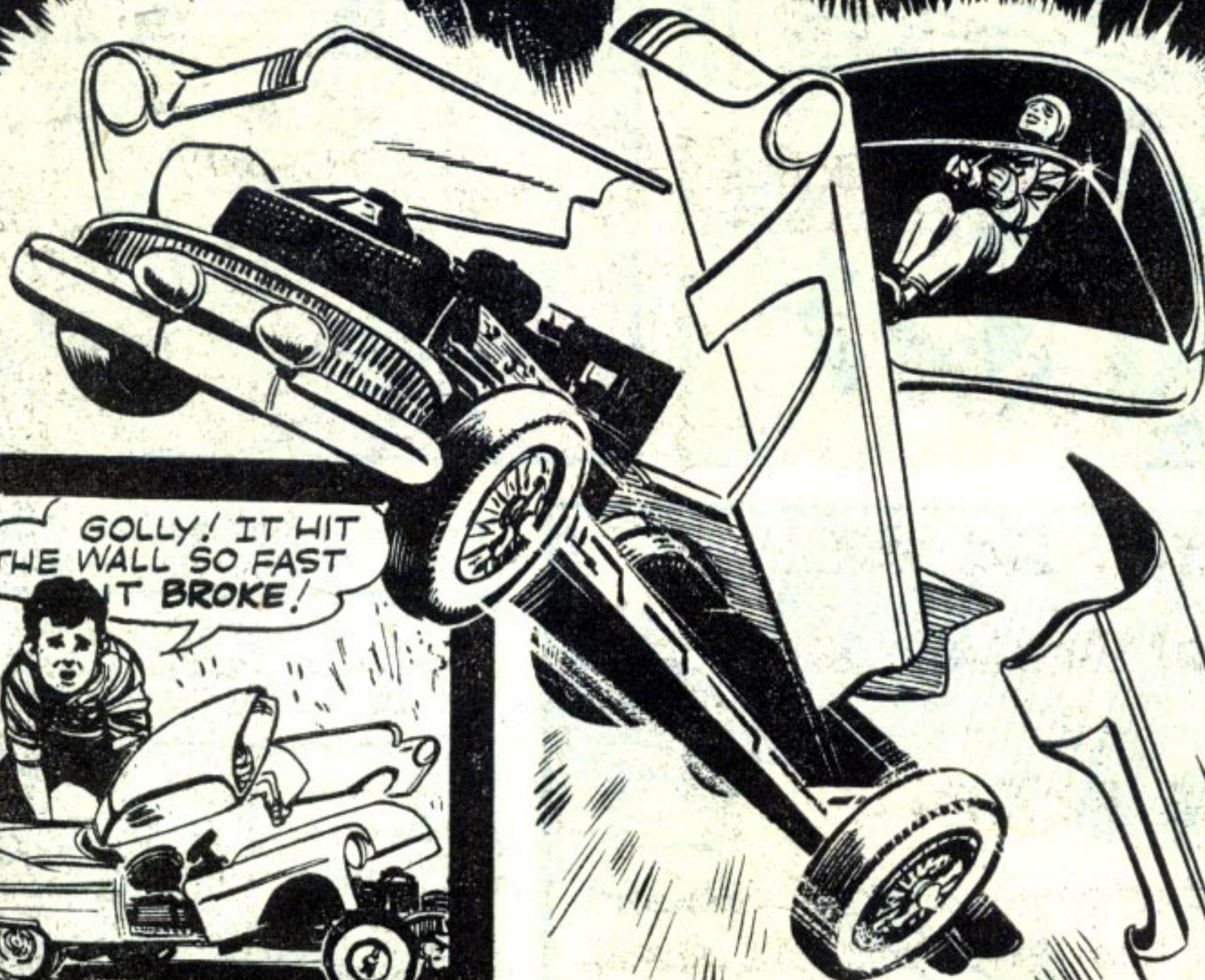


AND **TWO--** IT'LL BE A RIGHT-LONG SPELL BEFORE YOUR YOUNG 'UNS HAVE TIME FOR MISCHIEF... WHAT WITH ALL THAT WOOD TO BE **CHOPPED INTO KINDLIN'!**



The End

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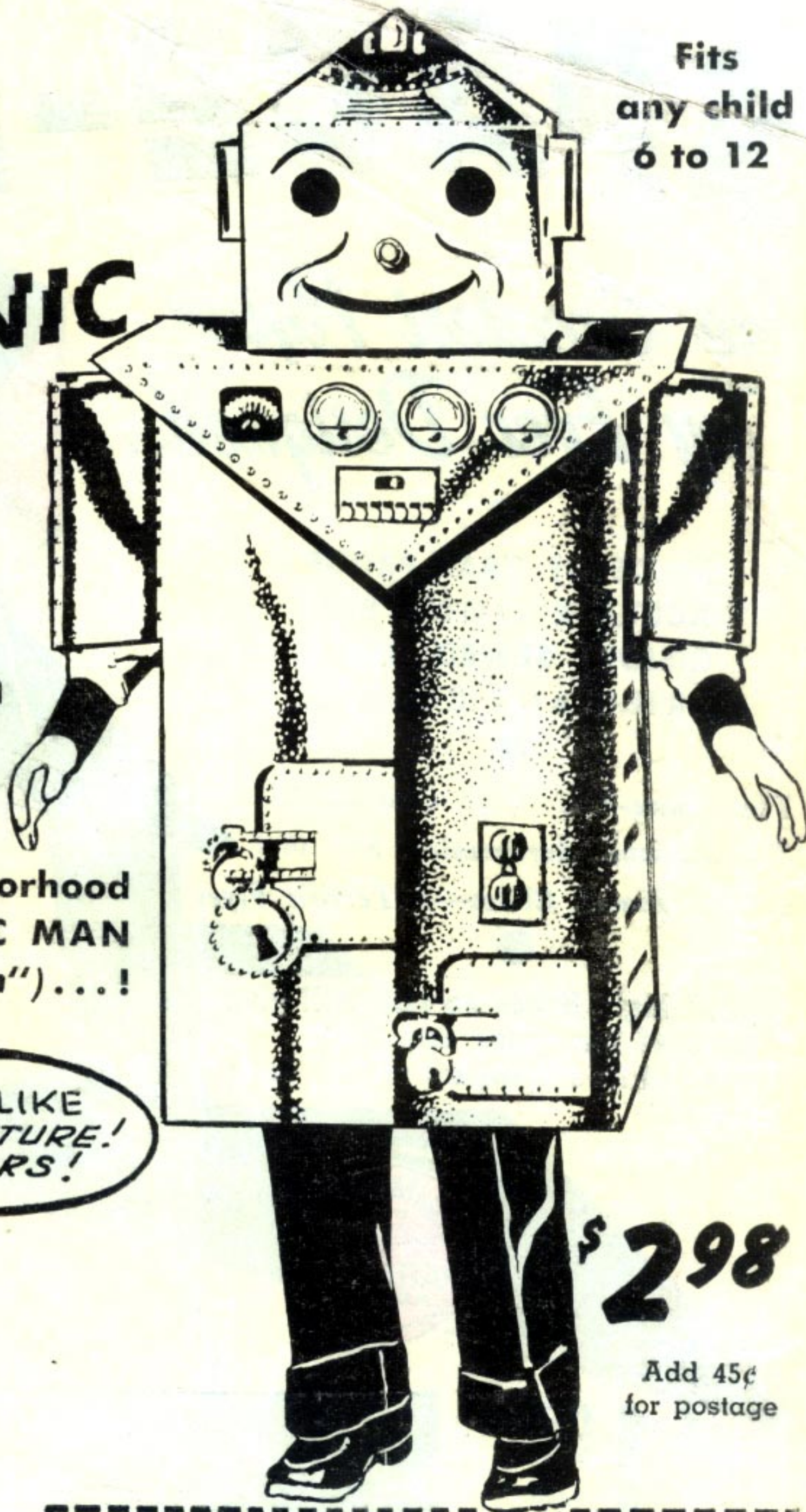
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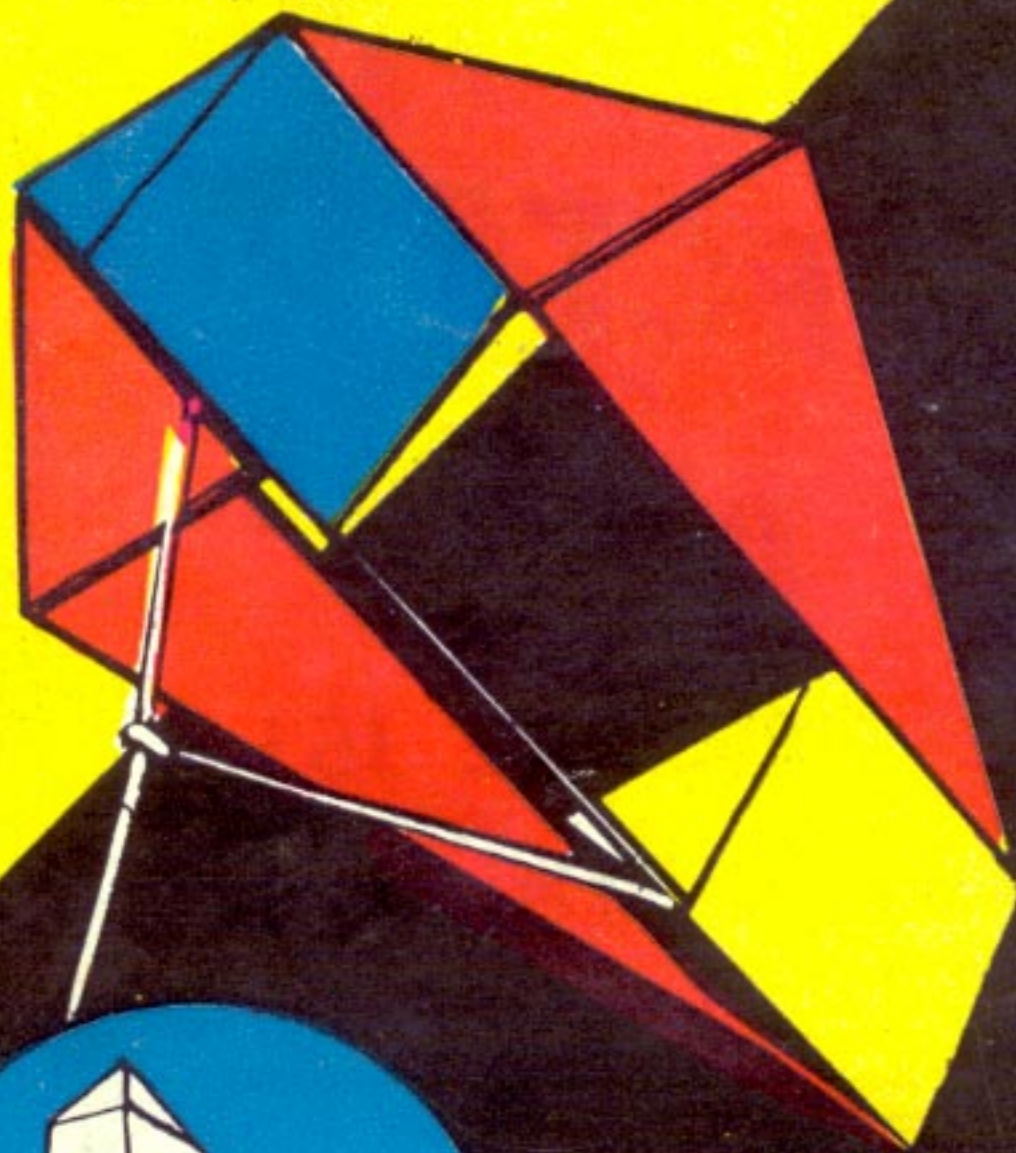


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